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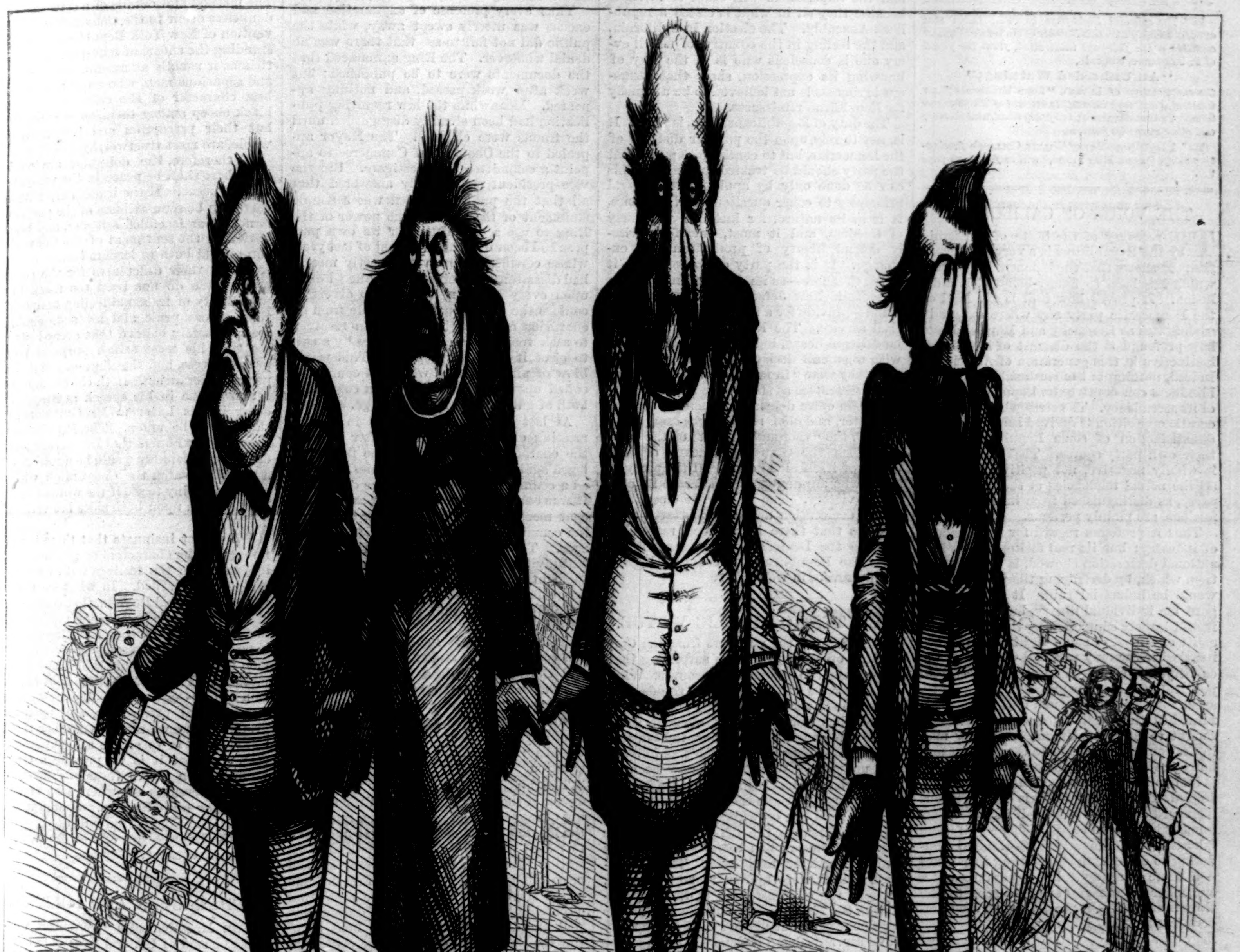


"WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE STOLEN VOUCHERS." "TOO THIN!" "WE ARE INNOCENT."

See Page 914.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

Circulation 122,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The splendid Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine full-page illustration, from the pencil of* P. FRENZENY, *entitled*

"An Unheeded Warning;"

the continuation of LEVER'S "LORD KILGOBBIN;" *an illustrated and very interesting account of* THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING; *two finely illustrated Stories; and other attractive features.*

☞ *The continuation of* WILKIE COLLINS'S *fascinating story,* "POOR MISS FINCH," *will be found on page* 910.

THE VOICE OF CALIFORNIA.

THE recovery of the State of California by the Republicans is a very significant fact. It shows that the Democratic reaction which has been so fondly believed is a delusion. It proves how frail is the hold of the Democratic party any where except in such States as Kentucky and Maryland, and how profound is the distrust of it which is instinctive in this generation of Americans. Indeed, nothing but unpardonable folly and blindness can deprive the Republican party of its ascendency. The strength of the Democratic opposition is derived solely from the dissatisfaction of some Republicans with their own party course. That is to say, it is wholly negative, not positive. Indeed, all the actual tendencies of the Democratic party, as distinguished from its formal professions, are plainly perilous.

Thus it professes regard for the freedom of industry; but its real feeling, as its last national declaration showed, is for repudiation, which, by destroying the public faith, would be industrial ruin. It professes regard for individual liberty, but not only is it still largely controlled by the old slavery spirit of hatred of equal rights, but it allies itself with the only political Church in the country, and a Church necessarily hostile to political freedom. It professes profound respect for the Constitution, but, as a fact, it furnished the doctrines and the men who sought to sever the Union; and every man in the country who excuses the attempt and hates the Union and the Constitution, which is its bond, belongs to the Democratic party. Indeed, if any where there is contemptuous disregard of human rights—if there is an argument in favor of public dishonor—if there is hostility to the government—if there is pandering to ecclesiastical meddling in politics—if there is an appeal to ignorance and a surrender of the rights of citizens to the threats of a mob—it proceeds from the Democratic party. And now when the most flagrant and incredible corruption, the most astounding theft of the money of the people, is exposed, it is seen to have been perpetrated under the auspices of the chief leaders of that party in the greatest State of the Union.

It is not, therefore, surprising that there is a universal conviction that whatever the offenses of the Republican party, they are not to be remedied by Democratic success. If the Republican financial system is unsound, repudiation is not a sounder policy. If the wisdom of Republican Ku-Klux legislation is questionable, there is no question of the peril of laws made by those who excuse the Ku-Klux. If the Republican view of the national power is extravagant, the Democratic theory of State sovereignty is destructive. If the Republican mingling of morals with politics be sometimes crude, the Democratic sneer at moral ideas is always perilous. These are facts which are constantly evident to the public mind. There is a great liberality of abuse of party fidelity, but party fidelity is only another name for perception of tendencies. When certain measures are carried there is a loud cry that the party work is done; that the party is an association for certain purposes, and that it naturally dissolves when they are accomplished. How, then, if when slavery was abolished and could not extend into the Territories, and the war, being fought out, could not be renewed, the Republican party had disbanded? The issues, as they are called, were settled. Why should the party continue?

Because issues, or questions of policy, are determined by principles and tendencies. The old philosophers said that a man was by nature either a Stoic or an Epicurean. It is as true of politics as of philosophy. The Republican party continued after slavery was abolished and the war ended, because the spirit and tendency of the Democratic party were as threatening and dangerous as ever. It continues to-day for the same reason. No platforms, no professions, no new departures, will avail to change the political instinct of the country. A man who has been a sot until fifty may sign the pledge, and swear by all that he holds sacred to drink no more; but he is not trusted like one who has been always sober. The devil that controlled him is under duress; but he is the same old devil. Nobody believes THIERS to be a republican, although he is called President. Nobody supposes that the Orleanists and the imperialists will cease to intrigue because they sit in what is called a republican Assembly. The election in California, and the feeling in the country, of which every one is conscious who is in the way of knowing its expression, show that Democratic success is not believed to be a remedy for Republican remissness.

The duty of Republicans, then, is plain. It is, not to rely upon the popular distrust of the Democrats, but to continue to prove that the party should be trusted for itself. This can be done only by applying its general principles to other questions as they arise. It is in its nature, for instance, the party of freedom, and it must, therefore, wisely defend liberty of production and exchange. It is the party of honesty, and it must, therefore—as its conventions in Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Maryland demand—provide for a thorough reform of the civil service. The New Jersey and Maryland Republicans, indeed, were not content with a general declaration. They resolved that they were "in favor of such a reform of the civil service as shall make appointments to public office dependent upon fitness and character, and *allow removals for cause only.*" Indeed, the "thorough reform" of the service which the Ohio Republicans demand would of itself alone commend the party to those who are doubtful, and secure its continual victory. The California election is both a declaration and an exhortation. It declares that there is no good reason for trusting the Democratic party, and it exhorts the Republicans to come up higher, and persevere in well-doing.

THE TEST OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

THE theft of the vouchers from the Controller's office was no more surprising than the omission to publish the accounts. When the exposures of the Tammany frauds were first made in the *Times*, nobody doubted, and nobody has doubted for a moment since. There was general satisfaction, indeed, that the immense corruption which was universally understood to exist had now been established in a way which offered a chance to the people to right their wrongs. And it did not need the crowning evidence of the theft to persuade the tax-payers that the chief city officers had betrayed their trust and were utterly dishonored. The disclosures, indeed, were known to be authentic, because the circumstances of their revelation to the *Times* were not unknown. It was for this reason that neither the Ring nor any of its servants dared to deny the truth of the charges. They sneered and evaded and prevaricated, but with each new subterfuge the scorn and indignation, not of New York alone, but of the whole country, deepened, so that if the persons implicated had frankly confessed the truth of every charge, the public belief in their guilt would not have been more assured.

The facts were first published toward the end of July. The effect was prodigious. The publication was the most crushing blow ever dealt at Tammany. The action that would follow was a test of the character and temper of our political system, for it would show whether the exposure of enormous official corruption would rouse the people to purge their city government, or whether they were subjugated heart and soul by the Ring. The Ring, bloated with unquestioned and absolute power—a power which had bullied or bribed so many opponents to silence—scornfully affected to laugh the storm away. The Mayor said that it was a fling of impotent wrath upon the part of the *Times*, which was angry because its bill against the city had not been paid, and that the ridiculous breeze would soon blow over. But the fire of facts from the *Times* was so constant and overwhelming that the Mayor felt obliged to issue an official defense, in which he admitted that the sums paid might have been exorbitant, but that he and the Controller only countersigned the swindles ministerially; that is, they merely connived at the cheating. It was simultaneously shown, however, that they were not obliged to sign even "ministerially," and that they might have prevented the swindles if they had wished.

The public wrath was by this time fully astir. Every thing said and done by the Ring had only increased it, and, as a desperate device to turn the force of the exposure, the Ring and its lackeys shouted that the *Times* was a swindler, because the frauds which it professed to make known had been already published in an official paper. This was gravely set forth by the *World*, which was at its wit's end to weaken the evidence of offenses which it had itself vaguely charged a few months before. But the rejoinder to every feeble plea of the swindlers and their apologists was perfect. It was shown that this defense was only a sneer that the tax-payers might have sooner known that they were cheated; and that, in fact, the approval of the bills by the Mayor, and their payment by the Controller, did not appear in the official journals, as alleged.

Thus every pretense of explanation and excuse was utterly swept away, while the public did not fail to see that there was no denial whatever. The Ring announced that the documents were to be published; but week after week passed, and nothing appeared. Meanwhile the law requiring publication had been steadily disregarded until the frauds were charged. The Mayor appealed to the Chamber of Commerce to appoint a committee to investigate. But the vice-president conclusively answered that all that the public required was a simple statement of the truth. The power of the Ring to use a committee for its own purpose had been illustrated in that of last year, whose certificate, however honestly meant, had disastrously deceived the public. Foiled upon every hand in its hope to divert or confuse the attention of the people from its enormous offenses, the Ring then resolved to seek vengeance upon the *Times* by a suit to eject it from its property. This was a blow of pitiful malice, which, of course, recoiled upon the Ring, and was a confession both of guilt and of impotent rage.

At last the people assembled in a great meeting of all parties, and, after reciting the character and extent of the frauds alleged against their city authorities, appointed a committee to take measures of redress. It was one of the most imposing and significant meetings ever held in New York, and the committee was composed of trusty citizens. The aldermen and supervisors also had invited a committee of citizens to join them in investigation, and while a motion for an injunction was arguing before one of the judges of the Supreme Court, the committee invited the Controller to lay before them his vouchers. Pending their request the vouchers were stolen from his custody, and the Mayor, with a natural talent for farce, after declaring that "our constituents," in view of "the untoward circumstances," would naturally withhold "desirable public confidence," threw himself upon his dear friend's "magnanimity" and asked his resignation.

The theft, of course, was either a desperate device of the Ring, or the sign of the scattering of rogues. And perhaps even finer than the Mayor's affectionate request to his friend to resign was the *World's* double-leaded assertion that if the Controller were "so mad or so blind as to disregard the firm demand of the Mayor, he will find before night that a scorching and resistless public indignation will make the city too hot to hold him." But the Controller very truly and contemptuously replied to the Mayor that they were in the same boat, and that there was no more reason for him to resign than for his Honor to do likewise. He peremptorily declined to be thrown as a tub to the whale, and to permit the Mayor to sacrifice him for his Honor's advantage. And thereupon the *World*, which the day before had talked of a city too hot to hold him, mildly observed that Mr. CONNOLLY made a great mistake in holding on; and journals which should have known better suggested that "the firmness" of the Mayor might yet reinstate him in public confidence. His firmness being, to speak plainly, only a determination to try to save himself by sacrificing his "pal."

These are the facts of one of the most signal tests to which the public character has ever been submitted in this country. The Ring is clever and unscrupulous. It has intrenched itself in power at every cost. It has contemptuously flung the rights of American citizens to a religious mob, and, relying upon the ignorance and prejudice of the most lawless class, defies the intelligence and the moral courage of the city. It is a contest, which is as yet undecided, between the best and the worst elements in our society. If the people should conquer, and the Ring be ignominiously broken, it will be one of the most encouraging events in our history. But if the Ring should be victorious, faith in the force of public virtue, and consequently of popular government, will be seriously diminished.

REPUBLICAN UNION IN NEW YORK.

IF the Republican leaders in this State are resolved upon union and harmony, New York can be recovered, as California has been. But, as we have suggested, union is impossible without substantial concessions. If they can not or will not be made, the great opportunity offered by the demoralization of Tammany will be lost. And it will be a fatal blunder to count upon the breaking of the Ring as a reason for indifference to Republican harmony. The moral impetus that would be given to the campaign by a settlement of the Republican feud would alone be sufficient for victory. But when to this should be added the result of the disclosures of Democratic municipal corruption, the triumph of the Republicans would be signal. The method and details of a settlement will doubtless occur to the Convention. A Convention of New York Republicans, notwithstanding the sneers of wire-pullers and politicians, is usually an assembly of intelligent and sagacious men, who truly represent the best character of the citizens. There are black sheep among them, as in every flock; but their perception and judgment, as a whole, are most trustworthy.

If, therefore, the delegates are resolved that there shall be peace in the party, there will be peace. If the leaders are reluctant, there can be some tribune of the people who is not what is called a leader, and he, supported by the sentiment of the Convention, can appeal both to leaders and to followers to forget their differences for the common cause. We do not trust too much to the probability of fraternal feeling harmonizing those whose pride and interests clash, but we may safely believe that every body will see that his most selfish purposes require party success, and that harmony is its indispensable condition. Both the Senators have declared, one in his speech at Niagara, the other in his letter to Mr. GRISWOLD, that there must be union. The Republicans of New York, who feel that Democratic ascendency in the country would be a national disaster, will watch the Convention with the closest scrutiny to see if the words that have been spoken upon both sides are verified by deeds.

We do not insinuate that there is no difference in the characters of public men and leaders, or in the feelings with which they are justly regarded. In what we say elsewhere of General BUTLER, that is sufficiently clear. There is no greater nor, unfortunately, more common folly than asserting that there is no difference between parties, and that all men in political life are selfish and mean in method and aim. But that is not the question in our Convention. We must all have our personal preferences, and upon many grounds; but we are to remember that the Convention is to secure a Republican success, and that it is to provide a common ground upon which those of different personal preferences elsewhere may stand together for united action. Should it fail to do this, the Convention will disappoint not only the Republicans of New York, but of the whole country.

CHARACTER AND POLITICS.

THE Massachusetts Republican who, in what he said of General BUTLER as a candidate for Governor, seemed to us to declare his satisfaction with a tolerable egg, writes courteously to say that he meant only to imply that the General is as honest and upright as his competitors, that his Republican and loyal record is unimpeachable, and that he would undoubtedly use the moral and religious sentiment of Massachusetts to smite wickedness in high and low places if he had only a chance. Our correspondent, a man of the utmost purity of feeling and purpose, but curiously wanting, as it seems to us, in clearness of perception, adds that, if it can be shown that the General ought not to be trusted, he will forego his intention of voting for him.

We should be very sorry to oppose upon insufficient grounds the election of a man who has rendered any service to the country in an emergency. But it must not be forgotten that certain services in war are often effective from the very qualities that incapacitate a man for honorable civil service. General BUTLER was known before the war. He was a lawyer and a politician before he was a soldier. Our correspondent is a Massachusetts man, and he knows, of course, whether the General's civil career was noted for its honorable character, and whether his reputation was one that commended him to the respect and confidence of his State. Governor ANDREW, ex-Attorney-General HOAR, and General BUTLER were all contemporary lawyers in the same State. They were all able men. But was there not a profound difference between the feeling of good citizens and honest men toward Governor ANDREW and Judge HOAR, and toward General BUTLER? What was the reason of the difference? And may not the very qualities which made the latter a sharp and unscrupulous lawyer have also made him efficient in certain military situations without necessarily inspiring either respect or confidence? It must not be forgotten that his services were not distinctively military, for nobody supposes General BUTLER to be a soldier. They were civil services under a military régime, and they did not inspire confidence in his character. Therefore the argument in his favor, drawn from the hatred of the rebels, does not seem to us very persuasive.

Since the war the General has been noted politically chiefly for favoring repudiation—and if certain Western Republicans have done the same, as our correspondent intimates, so much the worse for them—and for attempting to embroil us with England. For neither of these performances is he to be honored or trusted. Then he has professed interest in the temperance cause, and in the extension of suffrage to women, and in the laboring class, and in the Irish. That he does not sincerely hold the views which he expresses upon these subjects we have no right to say; but we do say that the universal, logical, and irresistible opinion is that he favors all these causes not from any profound conviction, but merely from policy. And this opinion is founded upon the impression which his whole career has produced upon the public mind. It is true that many other politicians inspire the same kind of distrust. But also it is true that some do not; and the duty of citizens like our Massachusetts friend is to support those who do not. JOHN A. ANDREW favored the non-extension of slavery; but every body knew that he did so from principle—not from a selfish regard to his own political advantage; and every body knew it not because he said so in speeches, but because his character said so. For it is character only that gives worth to words.

Our friend would certainly not support an unscrupulous man merely because he was able, and he says that if the General can be shown to be untrustworthy he will leave him. But if the consideration of his professional and political life and the reputation which attends them—if the sum total of his impression, which we call character, does not seem conclusive—single instances would probably be produced in vain. Yet let our correspondent look at this. In his Springfield speech General BUTLER said that he displaced General HAWLEY from command in the Army of the James for inefficiency and incompetence, and he was never again seen on the field. The truth is that the last communication in the field from BUTLER, as General of the Army of the James, to HAWLEY was a letter of commendation; that HAWLEY did not leave the Army of the James until two weeks after BUTLER had been sent home, as we all know, in disgrace; and that HAWLEY remained in service to the end of the war, was then honorably discharged, and received his brevet major-generalship for "honorable and meritorious services in the war." Now after the falsity of BUTLER's statement at Springfield had been exposed he made another in correction of it at Worcester, which was as promptly refuted. We ask our friend if this is the kind of person who is likely to use the moral and religious sentiment of Massachusetts to smite wickedness in high and low places?

It is because General BUTLER's career has been made up of just such details as this that he is considered unscrupulous and untrustworthy. Whatever his "smartness" may be, his character does not inspire respect. And it is no reply to say that other men are no better. Other men are better. Men are all sinners, but there is a very great difference between WASHINGTON and ARNOLD, between LINCOLN and AARON BURR. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is reported to have said in a speech at Salisbury Beach that BUTLER was the greatest statesman that Massachusetts has produced for many a year. If Mr. PHILLIPS be correctly reported, he has again illustrated his tendency to confide in professions rather than in character. But if Massachusetts wishes to lose the position which she has so long nobly maintained, let her surrender to such statesmanship as General BUTLER's, and believe that character and general respect are of no value to public men. If there is no man of higher character, no man who is more respected than General BUTLER, who can be nominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts, the result of the election in that State will undoubtedly be more surprising—but for very different reasons—than that in California. It is our duty as Republicans to nominate men above all suspicion. If we do not, we ought to be defeated. If unscrupulous men are to be elected, let it not be by Republicans; for unscrupulous smart men ruin every party and every cause.

TAMMANY'S LOST CAUSE.

ON Saturday, September 16, Controller CONNOLLY, objecting to being made the scape-goat of the other members of the Tammany Ring, took measures to checkmate their designs. To this end, he sought the advice of Judge TILDEN and ex-Mayor HAVEMEYER. The latter gentleman gave his views in a carefully prepared letter, in which he advised Mr. CONNOLLY that inasmuch as he could not resign, on the assumption of his innocence of the charges brought against him, and also that, inasmuch as he had stated, in declining to resign at the request of Mayor HALL, that the official acts for which he had been impeached were "supervised and approved by the superior vigilance" of the Mayor, who, in his affidavit in the injunction case, had adopted and vindicated those acts, it would be a fresh betrayal of trust to surrender his office into the hands of a confederate.

"No man," says Mr. HAVEMEYER, in this letter, "selected by Mayor HALL can, without some other moral support from the community, have the public confidence. He will be compromised by a suspected understanding with the 'Rodin' of the 'Ring,' or by the acceptance of the favor. You practically make your own successors. As the law now stands, he can assume your office only by an arrangement, to which you are a party, to create a vacancy for him. The man you give place to ought not to be a tool of those implicated in the transactions which excite the public distrust and alarm. He should be the nominee of the citizens now seeking to protect the people. In that way alone can he have the confidence of the public, or improve the credit of the city.

"Fortunately the law affords a perfect solution of the case. By section 3 of chapter 574 of the Laws of 1871, you are authorized to appoint a Deputy Controller, who shall 'in addition to his other powers, possess every power and shall perform every duty belonging to the office of Controller, whenever the said Controller shall by due written authority, and during a period to be specified in such authority, designate and authorize the said Deputy Controller to possess the power and perform the duty aforesaid.'"

Mr. HAVEMEYER, therefore, advised Mr. CONNOLLY to forthwith appoint Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN as such Deputy Controller; to leave him to exercise the full powers of the office without conditions and without interference, with complete custody of all the books and papers of the office, and with the appointment of all persons whom he may think necessary to protect public property and interests, and to enable him to carry out the most searching investigation, and to aid the committee appointed for that purpose.

Mr. CONNOLLY immediately acted upon this advice, in which Judge TILDEN concurred. He notified Deputy Controller STORRS of his removal, and appointed Mr. GREEN to fill the vacancy until the 1st day of February, 1872, one month after the meeting of the State Legislature. Mr. GREEN accepted the appointment, was immediately qualified for the position, and took possession of the office.

This was plainly a direct blow at the other members of the Ring, and Mayor HALL, in order to ward it off, pretended to regard Mr. CONNOLLY's act as a virtual resignation of his office, and immediately appointed General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN to fill the vacancy. The Mayor had also obtained new light on the subject of his power to remove. In his letter to Mr. CONNOLLY, requesting that gentleman to resign, he said: "*I can not suspend any head of department, not even pending an investigation. I can only prefer charges to the Common Pleas, who alone can remove, after a considerable time for trial.*" Yet, in his letter accepting what he is pleased to consider Mr. CONNOLLY's resignation, he states that he has been "advised that when the power of appointment to office is given without restriction upon, or without express statutory enactment regarding, the power of removal, the latter exists as an incident to the power of appointment, and that the process of impeachment is a merely co-ordinate but not conflicting power to remove in effect an impeached officer by procuring a vacancy." Therefore, to make assurance doubly sure, the Mayor not only accepts Mr. CONNOLLY's "virtual resignation," but also removes him from office! The Mayor's letter to General M'CLELLAN, tendering him the office of Controller, is urgent and almost beseeching in tone, and concludes with these ominous words: "I am confident your acceptance of the Controllership will at once restore that public confidence in the financial administration of the city which is absolutely necessary, in my judgment, *to preserve not alone the public credit*, but the public peace." The words we have placed in italics indicate the desperate position in which the Tammany Ring has been placed.

Mr. GREEN is a Democrat, but not a partisan. He was formerly President of the Board of Education. On the establishment of the Central Park Commission he became one of the most active and influential members of that body, and to his taste and good management New York owes the most attractive features of the Park. He possesses the confidence of the honest men of all parties, and enters upon the duties of his office without regard to politics, and with the simple desire to serve his fellow-citizens.

General M'CLELLAN has declined the appointment; and Mr. GREEN having possession of the office, it may require legal measures to displace him, in which process weeks may be consumed before the conclusion is reached.

PERSONAL.

SIR CURTIS LAMPSON, of cable celebrity, has sent from London to his native town of New Haven, Addison County, Vermont, eight hundred volumes of valuable books, including rare works of reference, to form a nucleus for a public library.

—Earl RUSSELL is occupying his declining years in writing "The Foreign Policy of England from 1570 to 1870." Earl RUSSELL has been continuously in public life since 1813, and besides having filled nearly every office in the English ministry, he has made a creditable record in literature. Fifty-two years ago he wrote the "Life of William, Lord Russell," and since then memoirs of THOMAS MOORE and CHARLES JAMES FOX.

—TISCHENDORF, one of the most eminent of modern Biblical scholars, is now in Spain, where he thinks he has found new testimony in support of Bible history.

—Minister DELONG, who managed in the "eftest way" to secure an audience between Mr. SEWARD and the Emperor of Japan, the first audience ever accorded to a foreigner of private station, has recently compelled the British *chargé* at Yokohama to apologize for insulting remarks concerning Americans in general and himself in particular. He also compelled the English editor of the Japan *Mail* to publish an abject apology for publishing a scurrilous document purporting to have been issued from the American consulate.

—A recent number of the London *Saturday Review* contains an elaborate notice of Professor DRAPER's "History of the American Civil War," reprinted in England by LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co. The writer, although he does not attempt to disguise his sympathy for "the lost cause," and affirms his belief that no thoroughly candid and impartial history of the war will ever be written, admits that no Northern author has approached so nearly the standard of historical candor, in treating of the causes which led to the rupture between the North and South, as Dr. DRAPER. He says:

"In that portion of the record in which the Northern side is generally most violently and most exclusively pressed upon the reader—the story of the long political struggle which preceded the appeal to arms, and in which the passions that rendered civil war inevitable were aroused, exasperated, and rooted in the hearts of the contending peoples—he makes an evident and studious effort to be not only accurate but liberal; not only to state the facts correctly, but to do justice to the motives and the convictions of men whom he regards as utterly and unpardonably wrong. He not only tells his tale as truthfully as he can, but he gives at great length and with great care the case of the South as presented to his own mind by the defenders of Southern institutions and the vindicators of Southern claims," etc.

The reviewer also acknowledges that Professor DRAPER's narrative of military movements "is honorably distinguished by a desire to be candid, and to avoid abusive language," and that "he speaks of the Confederate chiefs and armies with the decorous and respectful hostility due to a brave and unfortunate enemy." That the work should thus impress a writer who sympathizes heartily with the South, and who makes an elaborate attempt to show that it constitutes the most ample vindication of the motives and acts of the Southern leaders before and during the war, is a very high tribute to Professor DRAPER's candor as an observer of political events, and of the impartiality and trustworthiness of his record.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that the popular and distinguished novelist, WILKIE COLLINS, proposes, health and business engagements permitting, to make a lecturing tour through the United States the coming winter. Mr. COLLINS has had this visit in contemplation a long time, and last year was prevented from coming only by the positive prohibition of his medical adviser, who enjoined upon him a few months of absolute rest from literary labor. He prudently acted upon this advice, and is now, we learn, completely restored to health, and may look forward to many years of literary activity in a field in which he has achieved notable success and a popularity scarcely inferior to that attained by DICKENS in his palmiest days. Should he be able to make his contemplated visit to America, he will meet with a most hearty and flattering reception from the thousands who have learned to admire him through his novels, which have long formed one of the attractions of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. COLLINS is now forty-seven, and in the very prime of his powers. His father was a landscape painter, famous for the beauty and finish of his pictures.

—Ex-Governor HAMILTON, of Texas, expresses an opinion that will apply in more localities than Texas when he says he never saw any members of the present State government steal any thing: but "when we see a poor, miserable chap who never had a hundred and fifty dollars in his life come to Austin, borrow money to pay his expenses, and presently find him losing a thousand dollars a night at faro, driving around in a fancy team, making liquor bills, wine bills, and all sorts of bills, and buying a buggy and fine horses to go home in, we know he is a thief as well as if we had seen him steal."

—In the telegraphic dispatches from Europe on the 13th of the present month was one dated at Salzburg on that day to the effect that it had been "decided by Prince BISMARCK, Count VON BEUST, and the other diplomatists who remained at Salzburg after the departure of the Emperors WILLIAM and FRANCIS JOSEPH, to suppress the International Society, and to settle finally the Schleswig question." The Schleswig question for half a century has been more or less a subject of European diplomacy. It was supposed to have been finally settled in 1852. We remember a little anecdote about it. While Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister he had necessarily to receive and be courteous to all sorts of public and Parliamentary bores. One evening at a social gathering a rather pompous, many-acred member of Parliament approached him and said, "My lord, I am a little curious to know something about that Schleswig-Holstein controversy." "Ah, indeed!" replied the old statesman, with his usual *bonhomie*. "Well, you see, my dear Sir, that was one of the most difficult and complicated questions that has troubled us this many a year; and there really were never but two men in England who thoroughly understood it—one was old Mr. MELLISH, of the Foreign-office, and the other is myself. Now old Mr. MELLISH, you know, is dead, and I, my dear Sir—*I have forgotten all about it!*"

—Mr. JENKINS, author of that clever satire on the social life of England, "Ginx's Baby," having heard that Captain VIVIAN, of the War-office, had accepted a permanent under-secretaryship, and thus created a vacancy in the representation of the Cornish borough of Truro, forthwith posted off to that borough, and immediately commenced a canvass against one AUGUSTUS SMITH, a millionaire, owner of the Scilly Isles, and that sort of thing. Mr. JENKINS means business, and whether successful or not in this attempt, proposes ultimately to be heard in Parliament.

—M. DUFAURE, the new Vice-President of France, is a man advanced in years, being seventy-three. He was educated for the bar, and practiced with distinguished success until he was thirty-six, since which he has been much in public life. In 1834, under the GUIZOT ministry, he became Councilor of State, and afterward Minister of Public Works. After the revolution of February, 1848, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1849 became Minister of the Interior. When LOUIS NAPOLEON, as President, resolved to usurp the whole power of the state, M. DUFAURE was one of the representatives who escaped seizure and imprisonment. He was not in the confidence of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and therefore not in prominent place during the imperial sway. Even now he is not understood to be a very ardent republican, and should he be called to succeed M. THIERS, France would have no especial cause to felicitate itself.

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS, who is now breasting the waves on his way to this country, displayed his gallantry to a lady some years ago in a way that should commend him to their good graces. He was on a boating excursion on Lake Onega. At no great distance from his barge a young Russian nobleman was rowing his sister in a small skiff. He seemed to be unskillful in the management of his oars, and, in consequence, his frail bark was capsized. Without a moment's hesitation the Grand Duke plunged into the water, and succeeded, not without great difficulty and at much personal peril, in rescuing the young girl. For this display of heroism he received a gold medal at the hands of his father, the Emperor, and still proudly wears this decoration on gala occasions as the noblest which decks his breast.

—Colonel JOHN FORSYTH, editor of the Mobile *Register*, is now in the North for rest and recreation. Colonel FORSYTH is one of the representative men of the South. His father before him was one of the ablest men of his section of the country. He was Attorney-General of Georgia at twenty-eight, member of Congress at thirty-two, and United States Senator at thirty-seven. In 1820, at the age of thirty-nine, he was our minister to Spain, and conducted the negotiations by which Florida was ceded to the United States. In 1827 he was Governor of Georgia, and in 1829 again sent to the United States Senate. He opposed the South Carolina movement of nullification from the beginning, and voted in favor of Mr. CLAY's Compromise act. In 1834 he was appointed Secretary of State by General JACKSON, holding that position during the three remaining years of his administration, and during the four years of Mr. VAN BUREN's term. He was not only a man of great abilities, but was distinguished for the dignity and elegance of his manners. Colonel JOHN FORSYTH inherits many of the qualities of his father. Without having filled so many high offices, he has, nevertheless, been a power in Southern politics and in national conventions. He was appointed minister of the United States to Mexico by President PIERCE. But his chief distinction has been acquired in the editorial conduct of the Mobile *Register*, one of the ablest journals of the South.

—Mr. CORNELIUS WALSH, just nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, is a practical mechanic, and has acquired a fortune by his business. Thirty years ago, when working fourteen hours a day as a filer and polisher, he boarded with Major JOHN EDWARDS; and it was certainly one of the delightful compensations of life to see Major EDWARDS acting as vice-president of a thousand of New Jersey's best citizens assembled in convention to nominate a chief magistrate, and that the nominee should be the humble artisan who was his old-time boarder.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Maine State election, which took place September 11, resulted in a decisive Republican triumph, Perham's majority over the Democratic candidate for Governor reaching 8000.

In California the Republicans have also been victorious. They have a majority in the Legislature on joint ballot, which will insure the election of a Republican United States Senator from that State.

The Illinois Episcopal Convention, held recently at Chicago, amended their constitution, so that now a clergyman of that denomination who shall resort to the civil courts for the purpose of avoiding ecclesiastical proceedings will be suspended from the functions of the ministry.

A band of Apaches, leaving their women and children at the Peace Commissioners' reservation in New Mexico, recently dashed into Camp Crittenden, Arizona, and ran off with sixty-three head of government cavalry horses.

From the official returns at Washington there is every reason to think that the cotton crop this season will be fully up to the yearly average.

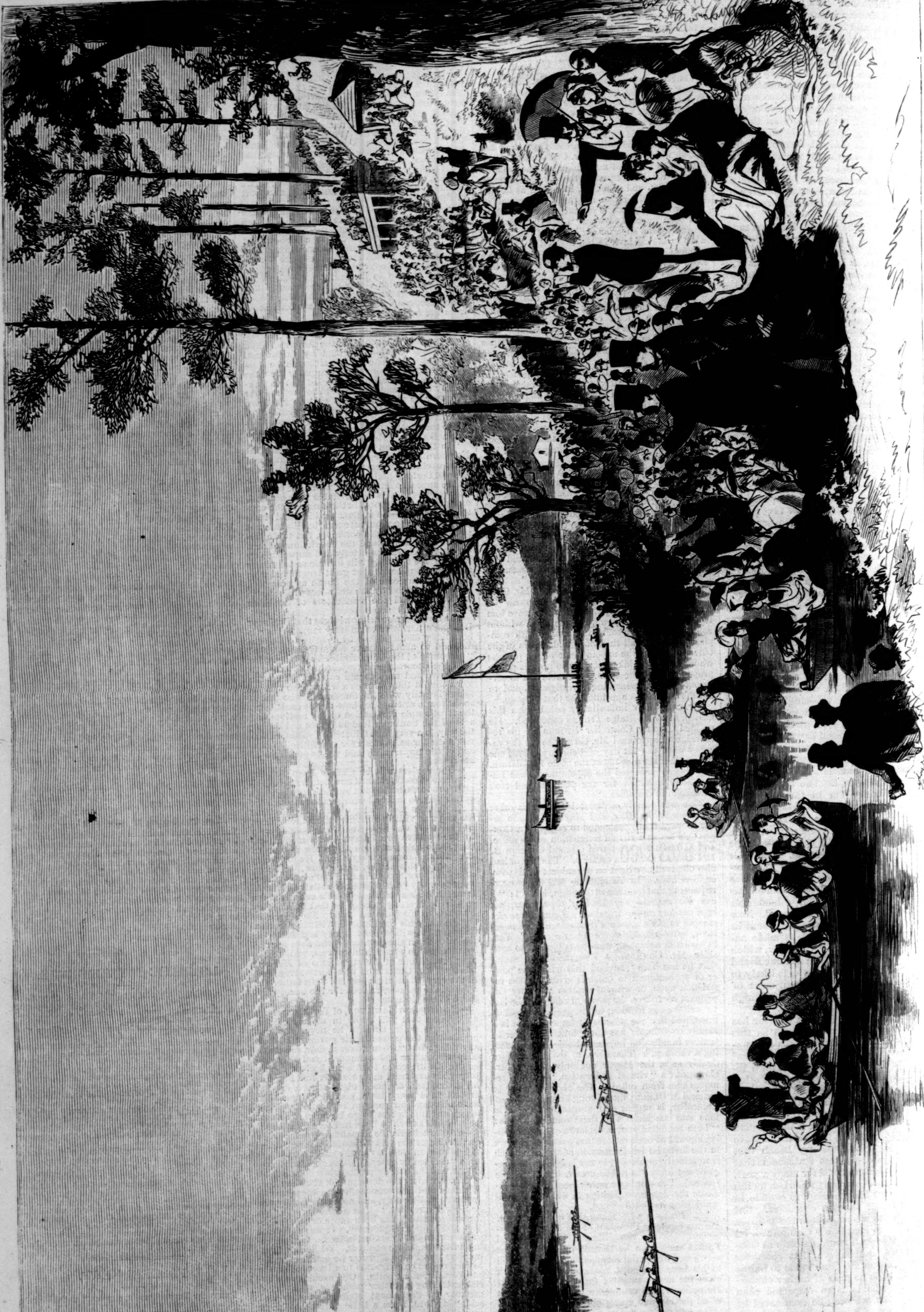
It is announced that the President has selected Hon. W. M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, and Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, as counsel of the United States before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, to be organized under the Treaty of Washington, and that these gentlemen have accepted the appointment.

Major Hodge, a paymaster of the United States army, has confessed to defalcations amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. He has been placed under arrest to await trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has sent a message to the French Assembly, in which he dismisses the members for needed rest, and promises to labor in their absence for the reorganization of the country. He also instructs the Deputies to inquire of their constituents whether they are in favor of a monarchy or a republic. The document was very coldly received, and a committee of twenty-five was appointed by the Assembly to supervise the President's conduct during the recess.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel was formally opened on the 17th instant, in the presence of the representatives of France and Italy.



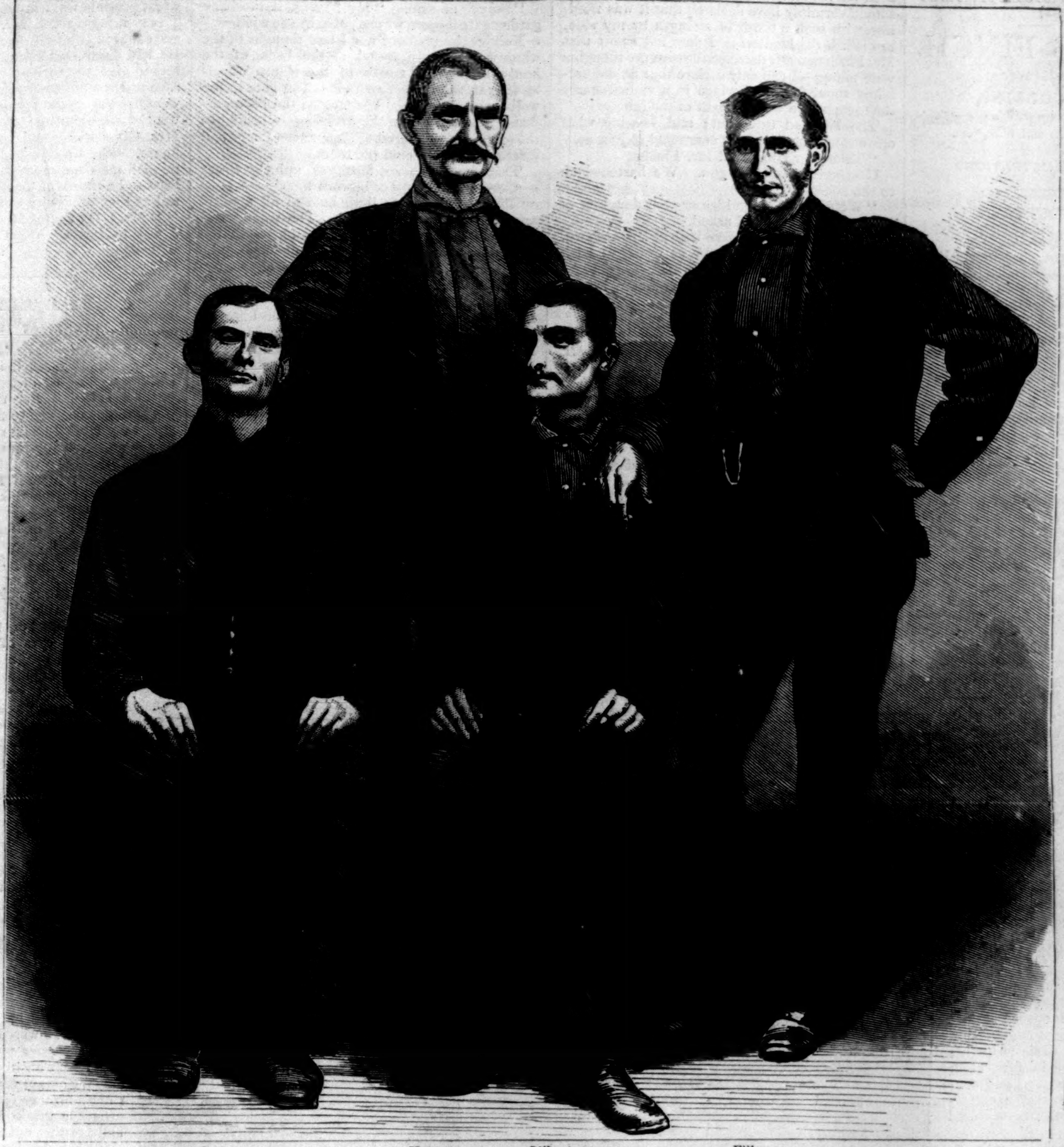
INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED BOAT-RACE ON SARATOGA LAKE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1871.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 909.]

THE SARATOGA BOAT-RACE.

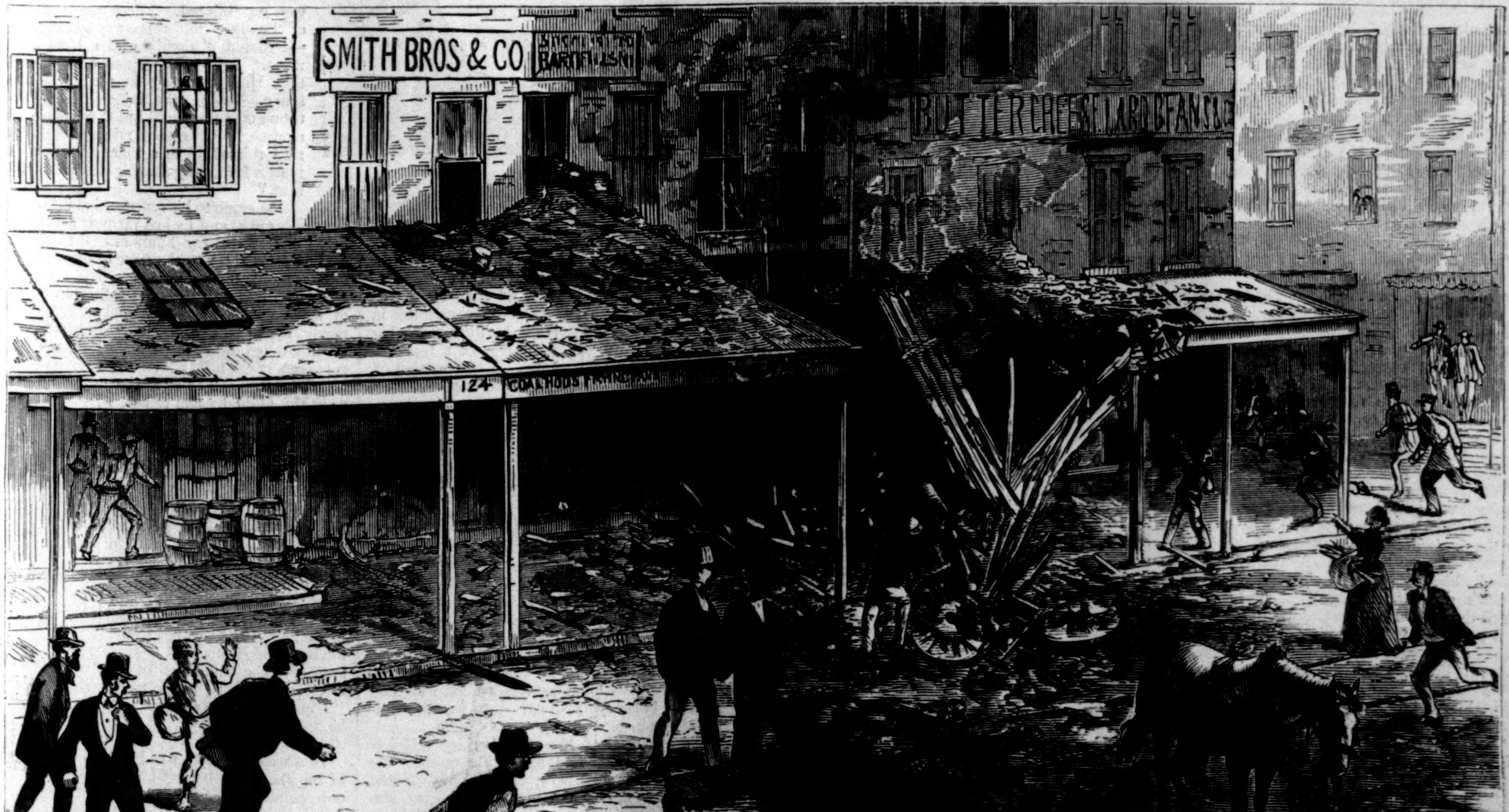
On the opposite page we give an illustration of the spirited and brilliantly contested international boat-race which took place, September 11, on Saratoga Lake. Five crews were entered for the contest—the Ward brothers, the Tyne, the Taylor-Winship, the Biglin, the Pittsburg, and the Poughkeepsie. Saratoga Lake, the scene of the race, is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles from the village. It extends about nine miles from north to south, and varies from half a mile to three miles in width. The grand stand was erected on the high bank on the western side of the lake, about a quarter of a mile from the southern end, and commanded an excellent view of the first and last mile of the course. The starting-point was directly opposite the grand stand, and the boats went two miles almost directly up the lake to stake boats, where each turned around a separate point, and returned to the place of starting. A high bank rises from the water along the western shore, and upon this were many points from which the boats could be seen through a portion of the course. Hundreds of carriages were drawn up along the top of this bluff, and thousands of people collected on its abrupt slopes hours before the time set for the start. Every position that afforded a good point of view was occupied by eager spectators.

The day for the race was in every respect propitious—clear, cool, and still. There was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the lake. The start was made at nineteen minutes past ten o'clock. It was soon evident that the Ward crew had the most flattering chance of success. In less than eleven minutes they rounded the stake boat in advance of their competitors, and rowed home in splendid style, pulling about thirty-nine strokes to the minute. They crossed the line in twenty-four minutes and forty seconds from the time of starting, leading the Tyne boat by about three lengths. The distance rowed was exactly four miles.

The Ward brothers who won this finely contested race, and carried off the principal prize, $2000, are a splendid set of men. Long ago they achieved an American reputation, which the result of this race will make world-wide. Henry Ward, or "Hank," as he is familiarly called, is a large, powerful man, forty-three years of age, and weighing about 160 pounds. Joshua Ward is thirty-three years old. He is the brightest and most intelligent member of the crew. The other brothers are Gilbert and Ellis, the first thirty, the second twenty-four years of age. For several weeks previous to the race the brothers practiced vigorously on the lake. The morning pull was a good stiff spurt of five miles, and after this tugging and perspiration in the hot sun there was rubbing and drying of the skin and a siesta until the second meal. This eaten, and time given for the important work of proper digestion of solid food, a second turn of the oars was taken at three o'clock, and the same distance rowed, with, perhaps, an aim at speed part of the way. More rubbing down and rest until supper followed, which, with more stretching of the muscles in a brisk walk under the trees and along the country road, made up the quantity of work required of the brothers. They do not drink coffee, and smoking is strictly prohibited.



THE WARD BROTHERS, WINNERS OF THE SARATOGA INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.—[From a Photograph by Baker & Record, Saratoga Springs.]


SMITH BROS & CO
124
BUTTER CHEESE LARD BEANS &c

THE "UNION TORPEDO" EXPLOSION IN BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 918.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

DISCOVERIES AT BROWNDOWN.

IT is needless to tell you at what conclusion I arrived as soon as I was sufficiently myself to think at all.

Thanks to my adventurous past life, I have got the habit of deciding quickly in serious emergencies of all sorts. In the present emergency—as I saw it—there were two things to be done. One, to go instantly with help to Browndown: the other, to keep the knowledge of what had happened from Lucilla until I could get back again and prepare her for the discovery.

I looked at Mrs. Finch. She had dropped helplessly into a chair. "Rouse yourself!" I said, and shook her. It was no time for sympathizing with swoons and hysterics. The child was still in my arms, fast yielding, poor little thing, to the exhaustion of fatigue and terror. I could do nothing until I had relieved myself of the charge of her. Mrs. Finch looked up at me, trembling and sobbing. I put the child in her lap. Jicks feebly resisted being taken from me; but soon gave up, and dropped her weary little head on her mother's bosom. "Can you take off her frock?" I asked, with another shake—a good one this time.

The prospect of a domestic occupation (of any sort) appeared to rouse Mrs. Finch. She looked at the baby, in its cradle in one corner of the room, and at the novel, reposing on a chair in another corner of the room. The presence of these two familiar objects appeared to encourage her. She shivered, she swallowed a sob, she recovered her breath, she began to undo the frock.

"Put it away carefully," I said, "and say nothing to any body of what has happened until I come back. You can see for yourself that the child is not hurt. Soothe her, and wait here. Is Mr. Finch in the study?"

Mrs. Finch swallowed another sob, and said, Yes. The child made a last effort. "Jicks will go with you," said the indomitable little Arab, faintly. I ran out of the room, and left the three babies—big, little, and least—together.

After knocking at the study door without receiving any reply, I opened it and went in. Reverend Finch, comfortably prostrate in a large arm-chair (with his sermon-paper spread out in fair white sheets by his side), started up, and confronted me in the character of a clergyman that moment awakened from a sound sleep.

The rector of Dimchurch instantly recovered his dignity.

"I beg your pardon, Madame Pratolungo, I was deep in thought. Please state your business briefly." Saying those words, he waved his hand magnificently over his empty sheets of paper, and added in his deepest bass: "Sermon day!"

I told him in the plainest words what I had seen on his child's frock, and what I feared had happened at Browndown. He turned deadly pale. If I ever yet set my two eyes on a man thoroughly frightened, Reverend Finch was that man.

"Do you anticipate danger?" he inquired. "Is it your opinion that criminal persons are in or near the house?"

"It is my opinion that there is not a moment to be lost," I answered. "We must go to Browndown; and we must get what help we can on the way."

I opened the door, and waited for him to come out with me. Mr. Finch (still apparently preoccupied with the question of the criminal persons) looked as if he wished himself a hundred miles from his own rectory at that particular moment. But he was the master of the house; he was the principal man in the place—he had no other alternative, as matters now stood, than to take his hat and go.

We went out together into the village. My reverend companion was silent for the first time in my limited experience of him. We inquired for the one policeman who patrolled the district. He was away on his rounds. We asked if any body had seen the doctor. No; it was not the doctor's day for visiting Dimchurch. I had heard the landlord of the Cross Hands described as a capable and respectable man; and I suggested stopping at the inn and taking him with us. Mr. Finch instantly brightened at that proposal. His sense of his own importance rose again, like the mercury in a thermometer when you put it into a warm bath.

"Exactly what I was about to suggest," he said. "Gootheridge, of the Cross Hands, is a very worthy person—for his station in life. Let us have Gootheridge, by all means. Don't be alarmed, Madame Pratolungo. We are all in the hands of Providence. It is most fortunate for you that I was at home. What would you have done without me? Now don't, pray don't, be alarmed. In case of criminal persons—I have my stick, as you see. I am not tall, but I possess immense physical strength. I am, so to speak, all muscle. Feel!"

He held out one of his wizen little arms. It was about half the size of my arm. If I had not been far too anxious to think of playing tricks, I should certainly have declared that it was needless, with such a tower of strength by my side, to disturb the landlord. I dare not assert that Mr. Finch actually detected the turn my thoughts were taking—I can only declare that he did certainly shout for Gootheridge in a violent hurry the moment we were in sight of the inn.

The landlord came out; and, hearing what our errand was, instantly consented to join us.

"Take your gun," said Mr. Finch.

Gootheridge took his gun. We hastened on to the house.

"Were Mrs. Gootheridge or your daughter at Browndown to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am; they were both at Browndown. They finished up their work as usual, and left the house more than an hour since."

"Did any thing out of the common happen while they were there?"

"Nothing that I heard of, ma'am."

I considered with myself for a minute, and ventured on putting a few more questions to Mr. Gootheridge.

"Have any strangers been seen here this evening?" I inquired.

"Yes, ma'am. Nearly an hour ago two strangers drove by my house in a chaise."

"In what direction?"

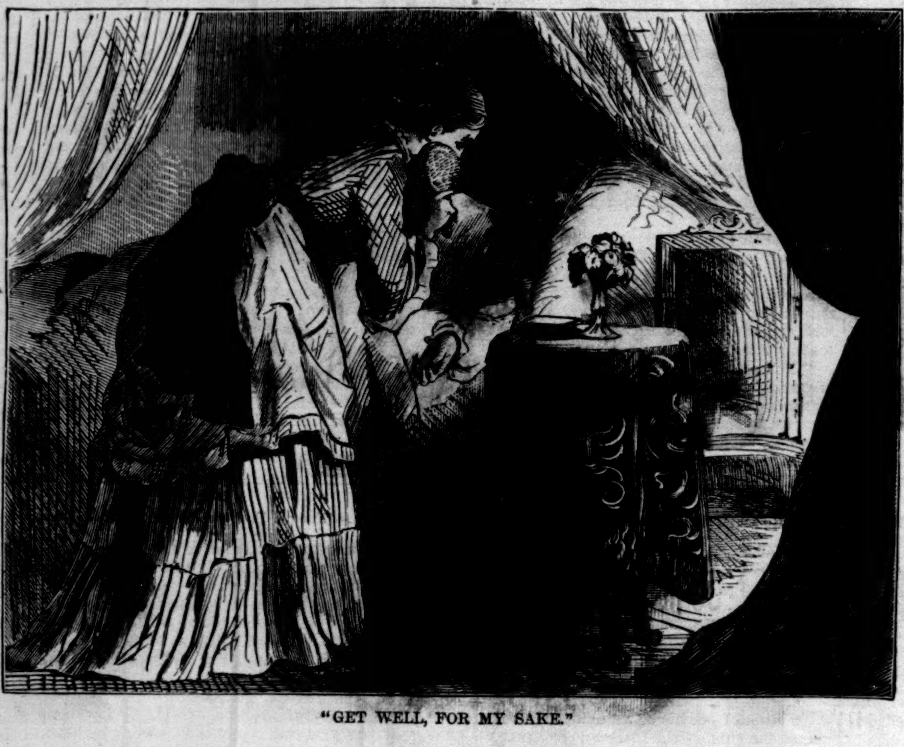
"Coming from Brighton way, and going toward Browndown."

"Did you notice the men?"

"Not particularly, ma'am. I was busy at the time."

A sickening suspicion that the two strangers in the chaise might be the two men whom I had seen lurking under the wall forced its way into my mind. I said no more until we reached the house.

All was quiet. The one sign of any thing unusual was in the plain traces of the passage of wheels over the turf in front of Browndown. The landlord was the first to see them. "The chaise must have stopped at the house, Sir," he said, addressing himself to the rector.



"GET WELL, FOR MY SAKE."

Reverend Finch was suffering under a second suspension of speech. All he could say as we approached the door of the silent and solitary building—and he said *that* with extreme difficulty—was, "Pray let us be careful!"

The landlord was the first to reach the door. I was behind him. The rector—at some little distance—acted as rear-guard, with the South Downs behind him to retreat upon. Gootheridge rapped smartly on the door, and called out, "Mr. Dubourg!" There was no answer. There was only a dreadful silence. The suspense was more than I could endure. I pushed by the landlord, and turned the handle of the unlocked door.

"Let me go first, ma'am," said Gootheridge.

He pushed by me in his turn. I followed him close. We entered the house, and called again. Again there was no answer. We looked into the little sitting-room on one side of the passage, and into the dining-room on the other. Both were empty. We went on to the back of the house, where the room was situated which Oscar called his workshop. When we tried the door of the workshop it was locked.

We knocked, and called again. The horrid silence was all that followed, as before.

I tried the key-hole with my finger. The key was not in the lock. I knelt down and looked through the key-hole. The next instant I was up again on my feet, wild and giddy with horror.

"Burst open the door!" I screamed. "I can just see his hand lying on the floor!"

The landlord, like the rector, was a little man; and the door, like every thing else at Browndown, was of the clumsiest and heaviest construction. Unaided by instruments, we should all three together have been too weak to burst it open. In this difficulty, Reverend Finch proved to be—for the first time, and also for the last—of some use.

"Stay!" he said. "My friends, if the back garden gate is open, we can get in by the window."

Neither the landlord nor I had thought of the window. We ran round to the back of the house, seeing the marks of the chaise wheels leading in the same direction. The gate in the wall was wide open. We crossed the little garden. The window of the workshop—opening to the ground—gave us admission, as the rector had foretold. We entered the room.

There he lay—poor, harmless, unlucky Oscar—senseless, in a pool of his own blood. A blow on the left side of his head had, to all appearance, felled him on the spot. The wound had split the scalp. Whether it had also split the skull was more than I was surgeon enough to be able to say. I had gathered some experience of how to deal with wounded men when I served the sacred cause of Freedom with my glorious Pratolungo. Cold water, vinegar, and linen for bandages—these were all in the house, and these I called for. Gootheridge found the key of the door flung aside in a corner of the room. He got the water and the vinegar, while I ran up stairs to Oscar's bedroom and provided myself with some of his handkerchiefs. In a few minutes I had a cold-water bandage over the wound, and was bathing his face in vinegar and water. He was still insensible; but he lived. Reverend Finch—not of the slightest help to any body—assumed the duty of feeling Oscar's pulse. He did it as if, under the circumstances, this was the one meritorious action that could be performed. He looked as if nobody could feel a pulse but himself. "Most fortunate," he said, counting the slow, faint throbbing at the poor fellow's wrist—"most fortunate that I was at home. What would you have done without me?"

The next necessity was, of course, to send for the doctor, and to get help in the mean time to carry Oscar up stairs to his bed.

Gootheridge volunteered to borrow a horse, and to ride off for the doctor. We arranged that he was to send his wife and his wife's brother to help me. This settled, the one last embarrassment left to deal with was the embarrassment of Mr. Finch. Now that we were free from all fear of encountering bad characters in the house, the *boom-boom* of the little man's big voice went on unintermittingly, like a machine at work in the neighborhood. I had another of my inspirations—sitting on the floor with Oscar's head on my lap. I gave my reverend companion something to do. "Look about the room," I said: "see if the packing-case with the gold and silver plates is here or not."

Mr. Finch did not quite relish being treated like an ordinary mortal, and being told what he was to do.

"Compose yourself, Madame Pratolungo," he said. "No hysterical activity, if you please. This business is in My hands. Quite needless, ma'am, to tell Me to look for the packing-case."

"Quite needless," I agreed. "I know beforehand the packing-case is gone."

That answer instantly set him fussing about the room. Not a sign of the case was to be seen.

All doubt in my mind was at an end now. The two ruffians lounging against the wall had justified—horribly justified—my worst suspicions of them.

On the arrival of Mrs. Gootheridge and her brother we carried him up to his room. We laid him on the bed, with his neck-tie off and his throat free, and the air blowing over him from the open window. He showed no sign yet of coming to his senses. But still the pulse went faintly on. No change was discernible for the worse.

It was useless to hope for the doctor's arrival before another hour at least. I felt the necessity of getting back at once to the rectory, so as to be able to tell Lucilla (with all needful preparation) the melancholy truth. Otherwise, the news of what had happened would get abroad in the village, and might come to her ears, in the worst possible way, through one of the servants. To my infinite relief, Mr. Finch, when I rose to go, excused himself from accompanying me. He had discovered that it was his duty, as rector, to give the earliest information of the outrage at Browndown to the legal authorities. He went his way to the nearest magistrate. And I went mine—leaving Oscar under the care of Mrs. Gootheridge and her brother—back to the house. Mr. Finch's last words at parting reminded me once more that we had one thing at least to be thankful for under the circumstances, sad as they otherwise were.

"Most fortunate, Madame Pratolungo, that I was at home. What would you have done without me?"

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

EVENTS AT THE BEDSIDE.

I AM, if you will be so good as to remember, constitutionally French, and, therefore, constitutionally averse to distressing myself, if I can possibly help it. For this reason, I really can not summon courage to describe what passed between my blind Lucilla and me when I returned to our pretty sitting-room. She made me cry at the time; and she would make me (and perhaps you) cry again now, if I wrote the little melancholy story of what this tender young creature suffered when I told her my miserable news. I won't write it! I am dead against tears. They affect the nose; and my nose is my best feature. Let us use our eyes, my fair friends, to conquer—not to cry.

Be it enough to say that when I went back to Browndown Lucilla went with me.

I now observed her, for the first time, to be jealous of the eyes of us happy people who could see. The instant she entered she insisted on being near enough to the bed to hear us or to touch us as we waited on the injured man. This was at once followed by her taking the place occupied by Mrs. Gootheridge at the bed-head, and herself bathing Oscar's face and forehead. She was even jealous of *me*, when she discovered that I was moistening the bandages on the wound. I irritated her into boldly kissing the poor insensible face in our presence! The landlady of the Cross Hands was one of my sort—she took cheerful views of things. "Sweet on him, eh, ma'am?" she whispered in my ear; "we shall have a wedding in Dimchurch." In presence of these kissings and whisperings Mrs. Gootheridge's brother, as the only man present, began to look very uncomfortable. This worthy creature belonged to that large and respectable order of Englishmen who don't know what to do with their hands, or how to get out of a room. I took pity on him; he was, I assure you, a fine man. "Smoke your pipe, Sir, in the garden," I said; "we will call to you from the window if we want you up here." Mrs. Gootheridge's brother cast on me one look of unutterable gratitude, and escaped as if he had been let out of a trap.

At last the doctor arrived.

His first words were an indescribable relief to us. The skull of our poor Oscar was not injured. There was concussion of the brain, and there was a scalp wound—inflicted evidently with a blunt instrument. As to the wound, I had done all that was necessary in the doctor's absence. As to the injury to the brain, time and care would put every thing right again. "Make your minds easy, ladies," said this angel of a man. "There is no reason for feeling the slightest alarm about him."

He came to his senses—that is to say, he opened his eyes and looked vacantly about him—between four and five hours after the time when we had found him on the floor of the workshop.

His mind, poor fellow, was still all astray. He recognized nobody. He imitated the action of writing with his finger, and said, very earnestly, over and over again, "Go home, Jicks; go home, go home!"—fancying himself (as I suppose) lying helpless on the floor, and sending the child back to us to give the alarm. Later in the night he feel asleep. All through the next day he still wandered in his mind when he spoke. It was not till the day after that he began feebly to recover his reason. The first person he recognized was Lucilla. She was engaged at the moment in brushing his beautiful chestnut hair. To her unutterable joy he patted her hand and murmured her name. She bent over him; and, under cover of the hair-brush, whispered something in his ear which made the young fellow's pale face flush, and his dull eyes brighten with pleasure. A day or two afterward she owned to me that she had said, "Get well, for my sake." She was not in the least ashamed of having spoken to that plain purpose. On the contrary, she triumphed in it. "Leave him to me," said Lucilla, in the most positive manner. "I mean first to cure him; and then I mean to be his wife."

In a week more he was in complete possession of his faculties, but still wretchedly weak, and only gaining ground very slowly after the shock that he had suffered.

He was now able to tell us, by a little at a time, of what had happened in the workshop.

After Mrs. Gootheridge and her daughter had quitted the house at their usual hour he had gone up to his room, had remained there some little time, and had then gone down stairs again. On approaching the workshop he heard voices talking in whispers in the room. The idea instantly occurred to him that something was wrong. He softly tried the door, and found it locked—the robbers having no doubt taken that precaution to prevent their being surprised at their thieving work by any person in the house. The one other way of getting into the room was the way that we had tried. He went round to the back garden, and found an empty chaise drawn up outside the door. The circumstance thoroughly puzzled him. But for the mysterious locking of the workshop door it would have suggested to him nothing more alarming than the arrival of some unexpected visitors. Eager to solve the mystery, he crossed the garden; and, entering the room, found himself face to face with the same two men whom Jicks had discovered ten days previously lounging against the garden wall.

As he approached the window they were both busily engaged, with their backs toward him, in cording up the packing-case which contained the metal plates.

They rose and faced him as he stepped into the room. The act of robbery which he found them coolly perpetrating in broad daylight instantly set his irritable temper in a flame. He rushed at the younger of the two men—being the one nearest to him. The ruffian sprang aside out of his reach, snatched up from the table on which it was lying ready a short loaded staff of leather, called "a life-preserver," and struck him with it on the head before he had recovered himself and could face his man once more.

From that moment he remembered nothing until he had regained his consciousness after the first shock of the blow.

He found himself lying, giddy and bleeding, on the floor; and he saw the child (who must have strayed into the room while he was senseless) standing, petrified with fear, looking at him. The idea of making use of her—as the only living being near—to give the alarm, came to him instinctively the moment he recognized her. He coaxed the little creature to venture within reach of his hand, and, dipping his finger in the blood that was flowing from him, sent us the terrible message which I had spelled out on the back of her frock. That done, he exerted his last remains of strength to push her gently toward the open window, and direct her to go home. He fainted from loss of blood while he was still repeating the words, "Go home! go home!" and still seeing, or fancying that he saw, the child stopping obstinately in the room, stupefied with terror. Of the time at which she found the courage and the sense to run home, and of all that had happened after that, he was necessarily ignorant. His next conscious impression was the impression, already recorded, of seeing Lucilla sitting by his bedside.

The account of the matter thus given by Oscar was followed by a supplementary statement provided by the police.

The machinery of the law was put in action, and the village was kept in a fever of excitement for days together. Never was there a more complete investigation—and never was a poorer result achieved. Substantially, nothing was discovered beyond what I had already found out for myself. The robbery was declared to have been (as I had supposed) a planned thing. Though we had none of us noticed them at the rectory, it was ascertained that the thieves had been at Dimchurch on the day when the unlucky plates were first delivered at Browndown. Having taken their time to examine the house, and to make themselves acquainted with the domestic habits of the persons in it, the rogues had paid their second visit to the village—no doubt to commit the robbery—on the occasion when we had discovered them. Foiled by the unexpected return of the gold and silver to London, they had waited again, had followed the plates back to Browndown, and had effected their object—thanks to the lonely situation of the house, and to the murderous blow which had stretched Oscar insensible on the floor.

More than one witness had met them on the road back to Brighton, with the packing-case in the chaise. But when they returned to the livery-stables from which they had hired the vehicle, the case was not to be seen. Accomplices in Brighton had, in all probability, assisted them in getting rid of it, and in shifting the plates into ordinary articles of luggage which would attract no special attention at the railway station. This was the explanation given by the police. Right or wrong, the one fact remains that the villains were not caught, and that the assault and robbery at Oscar's house may be added to the long list of crimes cleverly enough committed to defy the vengeance of the law.

For ourselves, we all agreed—led by Lucilla—to indulge in no useless lamentations, and to be grateful that Oscar had escaped without serious injury. The mischief was done; and there was an end of it.

In this philosophical spirit we looked at the affair while our invalid was recovering. We all plumed ourselves on our excellent good sense—and (ah, poor stupid human wretches!) we were all fatally wrong. So far from the mischief being at an end, the mischief had only begun. The true results of the robbery at Browndown were yet to show themselves, and were yet to be felt in the strangest and the saddest way by every member of the little circle assembled at Dimchurch.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

Between five and six weeks passed. Oscar was out of his bedroom, and was well of his wound.

During this lapse of time Lucilla steadily pursued that process of her own of curing him which was to end in marrying him. Never had I seen such nursing before—never do I expect to see such nursing again. From morning to night she interested him, and kept him in good spirits. The charming creature actually made her blindness a means of lightening the weary hours of the man she loved.

Sometimes she would sit before Oscar's looking-glass, and imitate all the innumerable tricks, artifices, and vanities of a coquette arraying herself for conquest, with such wonderful truth and humor of mimicry that you would have sworn she possessed the use of her eyes. Sometimes she would show him her extraordinary power of calculating, by the sound of a person's voice, the exact position which that person occupied toward her in a room. Selecting me as the victim, she would first provide herself with one of the nosegays always placed by her own hands at Oscar's bedside, and would then tell me to take up my position noiselessly in any part of the room that I pleased, and to say "Lucilla." The instant the words were out of my mouth the nosegay flew from her hand and hit me on the face. She never once missed her aim on any one of the occasions when this experiment was tried, and she never once flagged in her childish enjoyment of the exhibition of her own skill.

Nobody was allowed to pour out Oscar's medicine but herself. She knew when the spoon into which it was to be measured was full by the sound which the liquid made in falling into it. When he was able to sit up in his bed, and when she was standing at the pillow-side, she could tell him how near his head was to hers by the change which he produced, when he bent forward or when he drew back, in the action of the air on her face. In the same way she knew as well as he knew when the sun was out, and when it was behind a cloud, judging by the differing effect of the air at such times on her forehead and on her cheeks.

All the litter of little objects accumulating in a sick-room she kept in perfect order on a system of her own. She delighted in putting the room tidy late in the evening, when we helpless people who could see were beginning to think of lighting the candles. The time when we could just discern her flitting to and fro in the dusk in her bright summer dress—now visible as she passed the window, now lost in the shadows at the end of the room—was the time when she began to clear the tables of the things that had been wanted in the day, and to replace them by the things which would be wanted at night. We were only allowed to light the candles when they showed us the room magically put in order during the darkness, as if the fairies had done it. She laughed scornfully at our surprise, and said she sincerely pitied the poor useless people who could only see.

The same pleasure which she had in arranging the room in the dark, she also felt in wandering all over the house in the dark, and in making herself thoroughly acquainted with every inch of it from top to bottom. As soon as Oscar was well enough to go down stairs, she insisted on leading him.

"You have been so long up in your bedroom," she said, "that you must have forgotten the rest of the house. Take my arm, and come along. Now we are out in the passage. Mind! there is a step down just at this place. And now a step up again. Here is a sharp corner to turn at the top of the staircase. And there is a rod out of the stair-carpet, and an awkward fold in it that might throw you down." So she took him into his own drawing-room, as if it was he that was blind and she who had the use of her eyes. Who could resist such a nurse as this? Is it wonderful that I heard a sound suspiciously like the sound of a kiss, on that first day of convalescence, when I happened for a moment to be out of the room? I strongly suspected her of leading the way in that also. She was so wonderfully composed when I came back, and he was so wonderfully flurried.

In a week from his convalescence Lucilla completed the cure of the patient. In other words, she received from Oscar an offer of marriage. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that he required assistance in bringing this delicate matter to a climax—and that Lucilla helped him.

I may be right or I may be wrong about this. But I can at least certify that Lucilla was in such mad high spirits when she told me the news, out in the garden, on a lovely autumn morning, that she actually danced for joy; and, more improper still, she made me, at my discreet time of life, dance too. She took me round the waist, and we waltzed on the grass, Mrs. Finch standing by in the condemned blue merino jacket (with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other), and warning us both that if we lost half an hour out of our day in whirling each other round the lawn, we should never succeed in picking it up again in that house. We went on whirling, for all that, until we were both out of breath. Nothing short of downright exhaustion could tame Lucilla. As for me, I am, I sincerely believe, the rashest person of my age now in existence. (What is my age? Ah! I am always discreet about that; it is the one exception.) Set down my rashness to my French nationality, my easy conscience, and my excellent stomach—and let us go on with our story.

There was a private interview at Browndown, later on that day, between Oscar and Reverend Finch.

Of what passed on this occasion I was not informed. The rector came back among us, with his head high in the air, strutting magnificently on his wizen little legs. He embraced his daughter in pathetic silence, and gave me his hand with a serene smile of condescension worthy of the greatest humbug (say Louis the Fourteenth) that ever sat on a throne. When he got the better of his paternal emotion and began to speak, his voice was so big that I really thought it must have burst him. The vapor of words in which he enveloped himself (condensed on paper) amounted to these two statements. First, that he hailed in Oscar—not having, I suppose, children enough already of his own—the advent of another son. Secondly, that he saw the finger of Providence in every thing that had happened. Alas for me! my irreverent French nature saw nothing but the finger of Finch—in Oscar's pocket.

The wedding-day was not then actually fixed. It was only generally arranged that the marriage should take place in about six weeks.

This interval was intended to serve a double purpose. It was to give the lawyers time to prepare the marriage-settlements, and to give Oscar time to completely recover his health. Some anxiety was felt by all of us on this latter subject. His wound was well, and his mind was itself again. But still there was something wrong with him, for all that.

Those curious contradictions in his character which I have already mentioned showed themselves more strangely than ever. The man who had found the courage (when his blood was up) to measure himself, alone and unarmed, against two robbers, was now unable to enter the room in which the struggle had taken place without trembling from head to foot. He who had laughed at me when I begged him not to sleep in the house by himself, now had *two* men (a gardener and an in-door servant) domiciled at Browndown to protect him, and felt no sense of security even in that. He was constantly dreaming that the ruffian with the "life-preserver" was attacking him again, or that he was lying bleeding on the floor, and coaxing Jicks to venture within reach of his hand. If any of us hinted at his occupying himself once more with his favorite art, he stopped his ears and entreated us not to renew his horrible associations with the past. He could not even look at his box of chasing tools. The doctor—summoned to say what was the matter with him—told us that his nervous system had been shaken, and frankly acknowledged that there was nothing to be done but to wait until time set it right again.

I am afraid I must confess that I myself took no very indulgent view of the patient's case.

It was his duty to exert himself, as I thought. He appeared to me to be too indolent to make a proper effort to better his own condition. Lucilla and I had more than one animated discussion about him. On a certain evening when we were at the piano gossiping, and playing in the intervals, she was downright angry with me for not sympathizing with her darling as unreservedly as she did. "I have noticed one thing, Madame Pratolungo," she said to me, with a flushed face and a heightened tone: "you have never done Oscar justice from the first."

(Mark those trifling words. The time is coming when you will hear of them again.)

The preparations for the contemplated marriage went on. The lawyers produced their sketch of the settlement, and Oscar wrote (to an address in New York given to him by Nugent) to tell his brother of the approaching change in his life, and of the circumstances which had brought it about.

The marriage-settlement was not shown to me, but from certain signs and tokens I guessed that Oscar's perfect disinterestedness on the question of money had been turned to profitable account by Oscar's future father-in-law. Reverend Finch was reported to have shed tears when he first read the document. And Lucilla came out of the study, after an interview with her father, more thoroughly and vehemently indignant than I had ever seen her yet. "Don't ask what is the matter!" she said to me between her teeth. "I am ashamed to tell you." When Oscar came in, a little later, she fell on her knees—literally fell on her knees—before him. Some overmastering agitation was in possession of her whole being, which made her, for the moment, reckless of what she said or did. "I worship you!" she burst out, hysterically, kissing his hand. "You are the noblest of living men. I can never, never be worthy of you!" The interpretation of these high-flown sayings and doings was, to my mind, briefly this: Oscar's money in the rector's pocket, and the rector's daughter used as the means.

The interval expired; the weeks succeeded each other. All had been long since ready for the marriage, and still the marriage did not take place.

Far from becoming himself again, with time to help him, as the doctor had foretold, Oscar steadily grew worse. All the nervous symptoms (to use the medical phrase) which I have already described strengthened instead of loosening their hold on him. He grew thinner and thinner, and paler and paler. Early in the month of November we sent for the doctor again. The question to be put to him this time was the question (suggested by Lucilla) of trying as a last remedy change of air.

Something—I forget what—delayed the arrival of our medical man. Oscar had given up all idea of seeing him that day, and had come to us at the rectory, when the doctor drove into Dimchurch. He was stopped before he went on to Browndown, and he and his patient saw each other alone in Lucilla's sitting-room.

They were a long time together. Lucilla, waiting with me in my bed-chamber, grew impatient. She begged me to knock at the sitting-room door, and inquire when she might be permitted to assist at the consultation.

I found doctor and patient standing together at the window, talking quietly. Evidently nothing had passed to excite either of them in the smallest degree. Oscar looked a little pale and weary, but he, like his medical adviser, was perfectly composed.

"There is a young lady in the next room," I said, "who is getting anxious to hear what your consultation has ended in."

The doctor looked at Oscar and smiled.

"There is really nothing to tell Miss Finch," he said. "Mr. Dubourg and I have gone all over the case again, and nothing new has come of it. His nervous system has not recovered its balance so soon as I expected. I am sorry, but I am not in the least alarmed. At his age things are sure to come right in the end. He must be patient, and the young lady must be patient. I can say no more."

"Do you see any objection to his trying change of air?" I inquired.

"None whatever. Let him go where he likes, and amuse himself as he likes. You are all of you a little disposed to take Mr. Dubourg's case too seriously. Except the nervous derangement (unpleasant enough in itself, I grant), there is really nothing the matter with him. He has not a trace of organic disease any where. The pulse," continued the doctor, laying his fingers lightly on Oscar's wrist, "is perfectly satisfactory. I never felt a quieter pulse in my life."

As the words passed his lips a frightful contortion fastened itself on Oscar's face.

His eyes turned up hideously.

From head to foot his whole body was wrenched round, as if giant hands had twisted it, toward the right.

Before I could speak, he was in convulsions on the floor at his doctor's feet.

"Good God! what is this?" I cried out.

The doctor loosened his cravat, and moved away the furniture that was near him. That done, he waited, looking at the writhing figure on the floor.

"Can you do nothing more?" I asked.

He shook his head gravely. "Nothing more."

"What is it?"

"An epileptic fit."

THE CINCINNATI FOUNTAIN.

On page 917 will be found an engraving of the elaborate and beautiful fountain which, through the beneficent liberality of two of her citizens—one of whom, however, does not survive to witness the fulfillment of his generous purpose—the Queen City of the West will soon count among her rarest attractions. Its history is briefly this. Two liberal-minded residents of Cincinnati—Messrs. Davidson and Probasco—some years ago conceived the project of erecting in that city a public fountain which should be at once an ornament to the place and a practical benefit to the people. Their idea was to have the structure display, in some artistic and picturesque form, the beauty and the blessings of water. With this view Mr. Probasco visited Europe in 1866 to consult with eminent artists in regard to it, and at Munich, the art capital of Germany, made the acquaintance of Herr Miller, the celebrated founder, in whom he found a ready and enthusiastic coadjutor. Many designs were laid before him, but Mr. Probasco, with excellent sense and taste, rejected every suggestion that implied obligation to ancient mythology and literature. He would have neither water-gods nor nymphs. At length Herr Miller produced a design of his own—a dream which had been worked out for him by the artist Kreling—the fundamental idea of which was the portrayal of the blessings of water. The designer had asked himself what are the chief benefits which mankind owe to this element. They are commerce by navigation; emigration; water turns our mills to grind our corn; water gives us crops; with mineral waters we heal the sick; with other waters we preserve our health by bathing; with water we put out fire; on water frozen we amuse our childhood in skating and sliding. These and kindred ideas the artist has symbolized in enduring bronze.

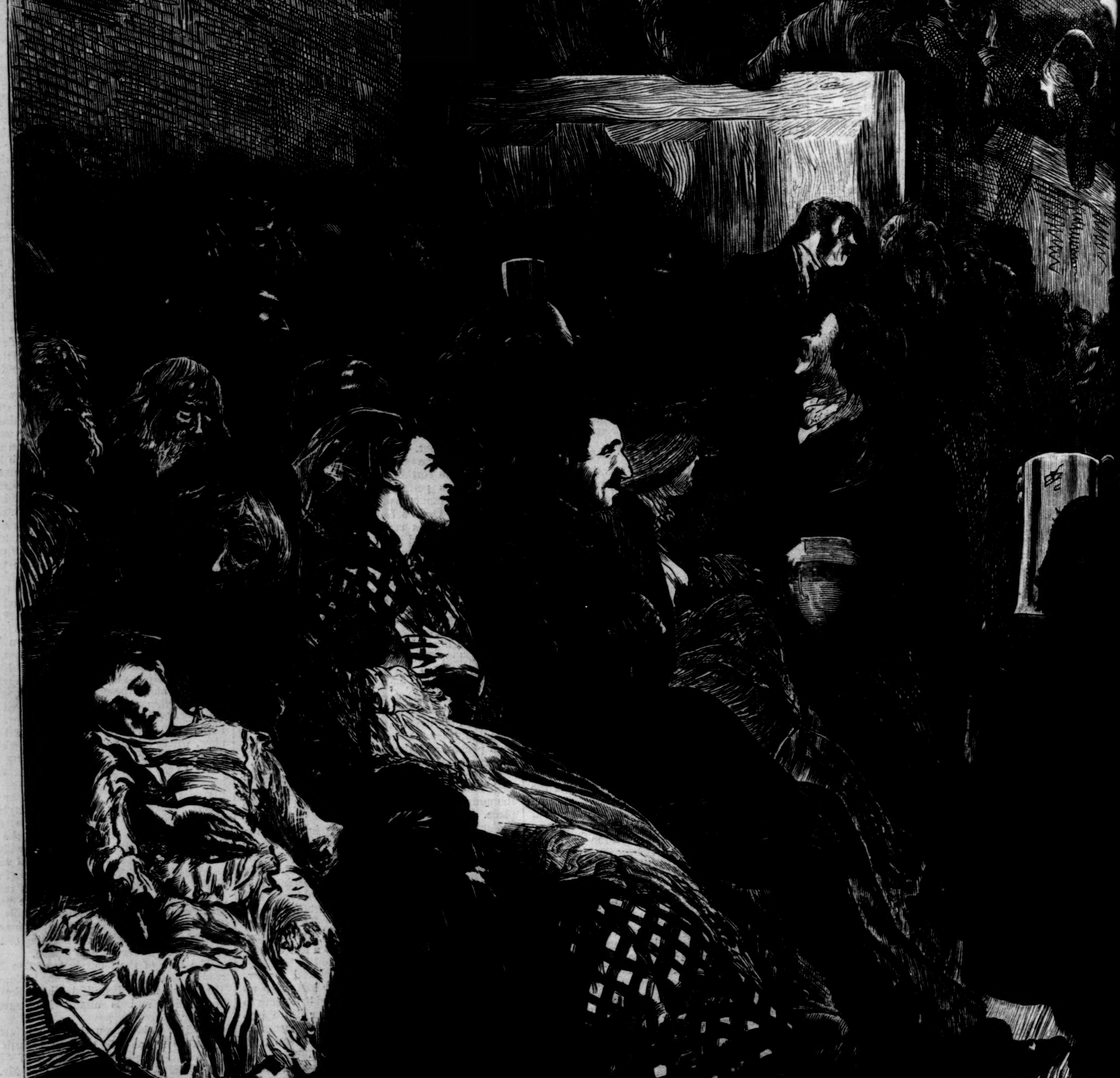
The structure is surmounted by a beautiful figure, representing the genius of water, through whose outspread hands, extended to bless, falls an exquisitely fine shower, like gentle rain. Underneath, about the massive pedestal, stand four colossal groups, representing the most obvious benefits of water—a mechanic on a burning roof, imploring Heaven for rain; a farmer beside his plow, whose labor will have no fruit without the kindly showers; a young girl leading her sick father to the healing fountain; a mother taking her child to the bath.

Underneath these groups are four elegant basins, ornamented in the richest style of the *Renaissance*, from which thirty-six streams of water play into a circular moat at the base of the structure. The pediment, to which these basins are attached, is richly adorned with compositions in relief, representing the uses of water in the most varied forms of human industry—as in navigation, fishing, as motive power directly applied in various kinds of mills, and indirectly as steam. These compositions are exquisitely finished, while the meaning of every design may be discerned at a glance.

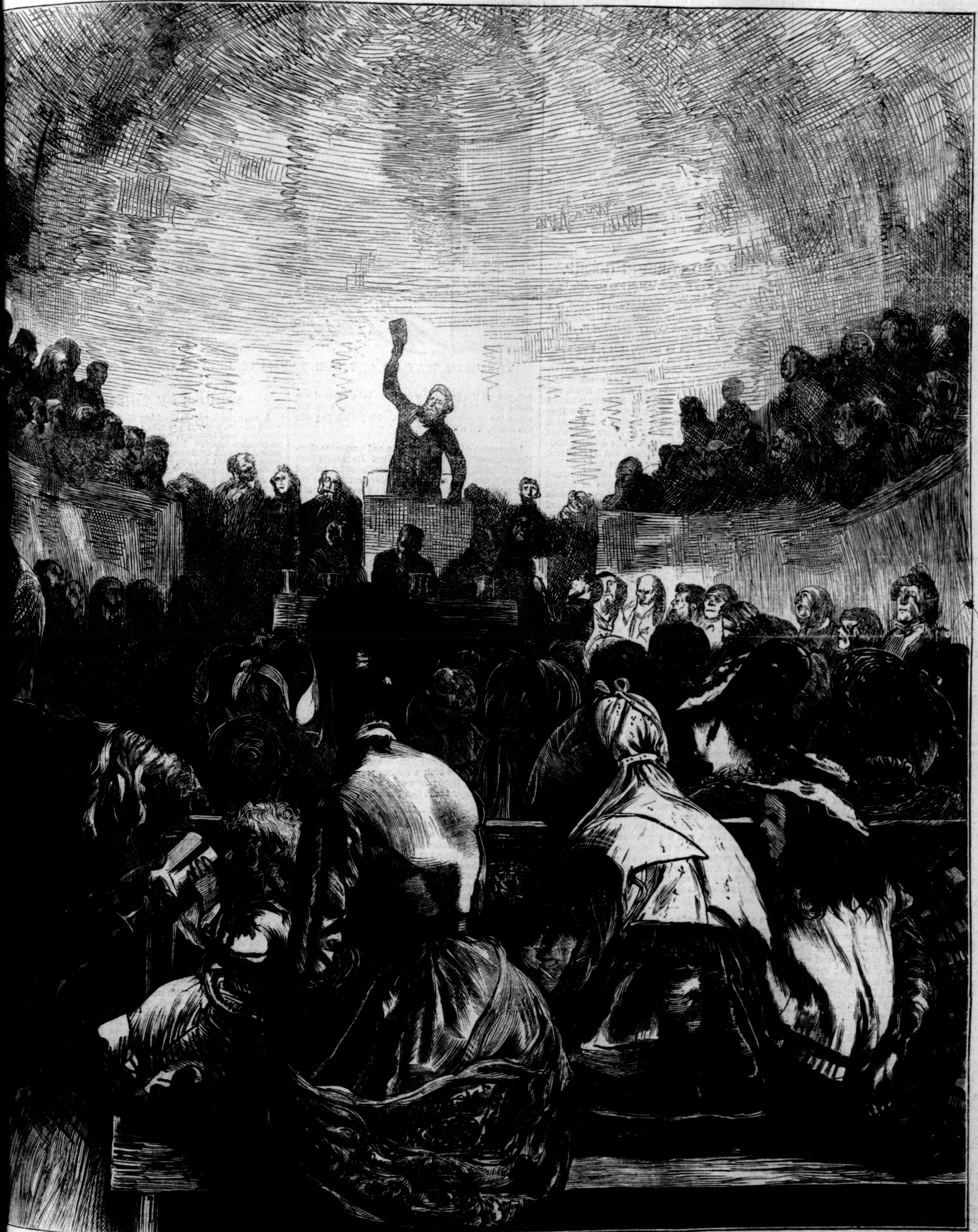
The base of the fountain is of fine Bavarian syenite, as is also the surrounding basin, or moat. This stone has a beautiful color, takes a very fine polish, and is almost indestructible by weather.

An inscription upon the capital, just underneath the figure of the genius, sets forth that the fountain is the gift to the People of Cincinnati from Mr. Henry Probasco and Mr. Tyler Davidson (his brother-in-law, now deceased). Other inscriptions on the pediment ascribe the design and model to the artist Kreling, and the work of casting to Herr Miller.

Our engraving of this beautiful structure is from a photograph taken in Munich, where the fountain was for some time exhibited to admiring crowds. It is to be hoped that wealthy residents of other cities will be led to imitate the example of Mr. Probasco and Mr. Davidson, and to distribute a little of their superfluous wealth in ways as useful and as conducive to the pleasure and cultivation of the people.



“SACRAMENT” IN THE MORMON T T L



T T LAKE CITY, UTAH.—[See Page 914.]

THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

The Mormon Temple, or Tabernacle, as the "faithful" prefer to call their sacred edifice, is a large, showy structure, of very little pretension to architectural beauty. It is 250 feet long, with many sandstone columns supporting the roof, the concave of which forms an unbroken arch. There is room enough in the interior to seat 8000 people. An immense organ is placed at the further end of the Tabernacle, just in front of it the pulpit, on either hand the choir seats, while a few steps below the platform is the dais where sit the elders and apostles of the church. The exercises comprise a prayer, a hymn, the administering of bread and water to the "faithful," and finally the sermon by **Brigham Young**. He speaks simply, plainly, and strongly. He loves, especially if there are gentiles present, to dilate upon the trials of his people, and their coming to their valley barefooted and naked; of their success, and the proofs that they were a chosen people—showing here, as in private, the strange magnetic influence which he wields with so much effect upon the minds of his disciples.

The double-page illustration which we give this week shows the administration of the "Sacrament," large pewter vessels, of which several may be seen in front of the pulpit, being used for the purpose. All present, men, women, children, and babies in arms, partake. The peculiar great-coats which some of the men wear are fashioned out of colored blankets, intended originally for the reds; and it must be admitted that the white man wears his blanket with a difference which is not an improvement as regards taste. Although the red Indian is not the chivalrous, graceful warrior of **Cooper**, he is decidedly picturesque, and knows how to dress himself artistically. The white man gets hold of his blanket, cuts it up into a great-coat, and dresses himself inartistically.

"TOO THIN."

On Saturday, September 9, Controller **Connolly** was requested by the Joint Committee for the examination of the city and county accounts to produce before them on the following Tuesday the vouchers for the claims against the county presented for 1870, and paid by him. During Sunday night these vouchers disappeared under the following circumstances: The private watchman in the County Bureau office, in the new Court-house, where these important papers were kept, says that about six o'clock on Sunday evening he left his post to get his supper, leaving the office to watch itself. When he returned, about two hours afterward—he must have been very leisurely in taking supper—he discovered that a hole large enough to admit a man's arm had been made in the lower corner of the west window in the door opening from the hall into the County Bureau office. Although his suspicion that "something was wrong" was aroused by this discovery, the watchman made no examination and raised no alarm, although a police station is just within call of his post, but waited until the janitor of the building made his appearance, about eight o'clock next morning, to whom he naïvely remarked that he didn't "like the looks of it." The janitor immediately went into the County Bureau office, where he discovered that the doors of the middle case, under the long desk on the west side of that office, had been broken open, and that several packages of documents had been taken therefrom.

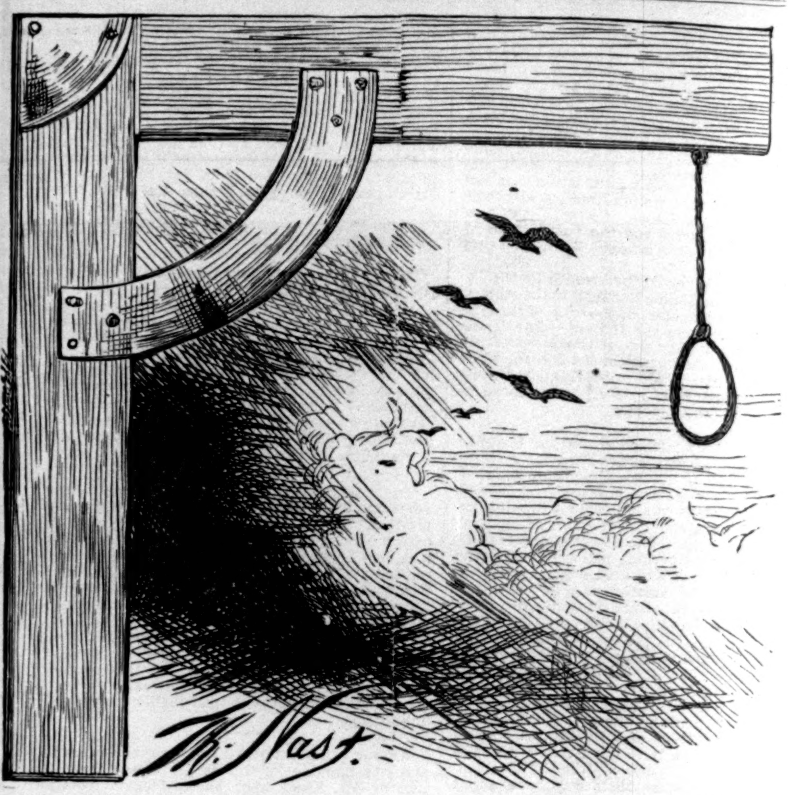
Still nothing was done until the arrival of the Controller and his deputy, about one o'clock in the afternoon. Informed by the janitor of what had occurred, they examined the forced case, and found that all but seven packages of the vouchers for the paid claims against the city for 1870 were gone. These vouchers were in large packages, and were mixed up with packages of vouchers for paid claims against the county for 1869, none of which were missing.

Appearances indicate that access was gained to the office as follows: The glass was partially cut with a diamond, and then forced out by a sharp, quick blow. Through the hole thus made the inside catch of the lock was reached, and the door easily opened. The bolt of the lock to the case containing the vouchers was forced back, and the lock wrenched almost off. Several experts examined the glass and the case, and expressed the opinion that the cutting and forcing were not the work of an experienced burglar.

The news spread like wild-fire through the city. Crowds gathered in the streets and about the bulletins of the newspapers, excitedly discussing the latest rumors, and asking, "Who stole the vouchers?" Public suspicion pointed strongly in one direction, and Mayor **Hall**, unable to resist the pressure of public sentiment, lost no time in writing to the Controller that the "exigency" required his retirement from the head of the Finance Department, in order that another gentleman might be appointed who would be enabled to investigate the affair and restore public confidence. Mr. **Connolly**, in a letter which is admirable for its cool impudence, declined to resign, plainly told the Mayor that both were in the same boat, and that if one went overboard the other must follow suit.

No fresh discoveries have been made in regard to the disappearance of the vouchers, but the impression is strengthened that but one set of persons in the city could have committed this singular robbery. When the detectives who examined the premises were asked whether it was not very strange that the thief or thieves had opened only those two lockers containing the vouchers that were wanted, and there was not a mark of a jimmy on any other article of furniture in the room, they smiled, and replied that it was evident the rascals were well informed as to the lockers they intended to open. The faces of the crowds that entered the office to examine the cut window and damaged lockers were a study. Having gratified their curiosity, they invariably turned away with a sneering smile or laugh of derision, while many audibly exclaimed, "Too thin!"—a sentiment which Mr. **Nast** has admirably illustrated in his cartoon on our front page this week.

So much for the stolen vouchers. There is, however, another feature of Mr. **Connolly**'s case. A suit was recently commenced before Judge **Barnard**, of the Supreme Court, to enjoin the Controller from further disbursement of the public funds. A temporary injunction was immediately granted, and a day set to hear counsel on the question whether it should be made perpetual. Mayor **Hall** pretended to be very much amused by this proceeding. He characterized it as "one of Judge **Barnard**'s jokes," and professed to believe the motion for a perpetual injunction would be denied. The Judge's "joke" has, however, proved to be no laughing matter for **Connolly**. To every body's surprise, the injunction, after elaborate argument on both sides, was declared perpetual; and the Judge, while lightly animadverting on the acts of **Tweed**, **Sweeny**, and **Hall**, spoke in the severest manner of the Controller's administration of the affairs of his office. Whether this action indicates a desire to regain public confidence, or whether it is merely a shrewd dodge to save a part of the Ring by the sacrifice of one member of the fraternity, are questions which time alone can determine.



THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUR TAMMANY RULERS ON THE SQUARE.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The island of New Guinea, which has recently been brought before the public in connection with negotiations respecting it between England and Holland, is a spot of peculiar interest to adventurous travelers, because very little is known to us concerning it. Comprising two hundred thousand square miles, and about fourteen hundred miles in length, it is yet an unexplored region, within whose boundaries no white man has penetrated, probably, fifty miles. Snow-clad mountains of great height are visible from the northern and southern coasts; doubtless there are large rivers, and the coast abounds in thick forests. Nothing is known of the inhabitants of the vast interior. The dwellers on the coast live at war with each other, being divided into petty tribes. They are tall and dark, somewhat resembling the negro in features. The splendid bird-of-paradise comes from New Guinea, and it is believed to be the home of many other curious and beautiful birds. Here dwell also kangaroos and crocodiles, and other strange and interesting specimens of animal tribes. Rice, sago, yams, fruits, and spices of various kinds grow on this island, whose climate is moist and warm. Doubtless it is rich in vegetable productions. But our certain knowledge respecting this vast island is very limited. Its mysterious interior should awaken the curiosity of some Livingstone or Du Chaillu.

About sixty different newspapers were started in Paris during the Commune, from March 18 to May 21. Some of these died a swift death, after having issued a single number. Only two of them exist at present. The names of many of these papers are curious, as, for example, The *Hyphen*, the *Little Bell*, *Cain and Abel*, *The Good Sense*, *The Wasp*.

Curious five-year-old boys they have in Detroit. One specimen called at a house in the city a few days ago, and said that he was from Chicago, that his parents were both dead, and that he would like to have a home. He looked neat and intelligent, and the family decided to adopt him. Three days after, when he showed himself in the front yard for the first time, he was seen and claimed by his mother, who lives a few blocks away, and who had hunted the city over for the lad.

London contains a population of about 3,500,000; almost four times as many as New York city.

The Persian government showed great indifference and oppression in many cases during the late famine. The following instance is mentioned: The proprietor of a large garden could not at the moment pay the increased tax levied, and the governor of the district had the water necessary for irrigation cut off and led to another garden. In a few days the first garden had nothing but dry, yellow plants. The water was still kept away, and in a month all the lemon and orange trees it contained, to the number of 12,000, were dry fire-wood.

An educated Brahmin of Hindostan read with deep interest sundry articles on women which were published in the London *Saturday Review*. Interpreting the language literally, he mistook the cynical views of English society and highly-colored representations of English customs as statements of facts. The *Review* spoke of the sale of Belgravian daughters, and reported the condition of the marriage market. So the Brahmin, desirous to follow the customs of enlightened England, actually sold one of his daughters at auction for forty-five pounds sterling.

An English country gentleman—Mr. Hyford Barr by name—has a novelty in his private park, in the shape of a "snakery" which he has established, and wherein he keeps a large number of innocent species of snakes. Every one to his taste.

There is a "House of Refuge"(?) in New Orleans, where boys have been punished to the extent of 240 lashes. The bodies of these poor victims were literally covered with bruises when an examination was made into the state of things. The superintendent and his assistant have been arrested. Much nearer this city is a so-called "Home," from which a boy lately escaped with a block of wood weighing sixteen pounds chained and riveted to his neck. Comment is needless.

Two persons bearing the character of "undoubted veracity" witnessed a rare ride the other day—a wasp riding on a green worm. How far he had ridden they did not know; but after they saw him they watched him a distance of twenty-five feet. Occasionally the worm would stop, lie motionless as though he was dead, when the wasp, after a little, would spur him up, and he would go on. After a while the worm ceased to move, and the wasp dismounted and quickly ran and removed a little stone about two inches from where the worm lay, and then seizing the worm by the head, drew it into the hole. Presently the wasp came out, put on the gravel top over the hole, covered the stone over, and seemed to be getting ready to fly, when the observers killed him. They then dug out the worm, but it was dead.

Long articles have been written and numerous theories advanced respecting the cholera. Its ravages have been detailed, its peculiar character discussed, its past travels traced, and much advice given concerning the prevention of it. On two points all writers on this subject seem to agree—that certain stringent measures of disinfection are essential wherever cholera actually exists; and also, what is of immediate practical importance in every city, that every locality should be put in such a sanitary condition that, if cholera comes, its spread will be limited. This disease is likely to spread just in proportion to the existence of certain local facilities. The history of cholera shows plainly enough that a prudent and enlightened action of the Board of Health in every city, combined with watchful care on the part of every householder, would, if commenced in season, prevent the disease from becoming epidemic. The strictest cleanliness is the greatest safeguard the people can use. Special measures, of course, are adopted by the authorities of every city, when this dreaded disease is on its march, to prevent its invasion. But none of these make less imperative the one grand essential—namely, *cleanliness*, which the inhabitants of every city have a right to demand for their own protection.

A steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the *Alaska*, recently brought from Hong-Kong to San Francisco about two millions of pounds of tea—a most remarkable cargo. The annual consumption of tea in the United States is about forty-two millions of pounds. Years ago our tea took a tedious voyage around the Cape of Good Hope; now only a few weeks are required to transport it to San Francisco, and thence to New York.

Justin M'Carthy writes of a curiosity which was recently shown him by a London publisher in the shape of a large solid wooden box, a cube of about two feet every way, and bound at the corners with iron. The box was addressed, in painted letters, to the publishing house, and contained—what did it contain? A service of plate, a present of books, a few dozens of wine? Nothing of the sort; only the MS. of a novel which he was requested to publish! The novel was written in small and neat characters, in a series of bound volumes of the ledger and day-book style, and these volumes were numerous enough to fill completely the treasure-chest which had been so carefully provided for their reception. The publisher stated that any one of these closely written volumes would make an ordinary three-volume novel (English style), so far as words and pages were concerned. Moreover, it is said that the author or authoress of this yet unpublished work of fiction is *not* a lunatic, but a sane person, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

The Baden-Baden "towel costume" is said to be the greatest novelty in traveling dresses, being literally made of the rough brown bath toweling which we know as Turkish.

An English savant is so much agitated on the subject of the final fate of the earth, if not of the sun also, that he has written a book to ask, "Will the earth become a sun-spot?" The question is open for discussion.

Not many ministers nowadays possess the wonderful eloquence in reading hymns that Dr. Nettleton did. It is said that on one occasion he commenced reading the familiar hymn, "Behold a stranger at the door!" and, as with a sudden uncontrollable impulse, the whole congregation turned their heads to look. Effective reading of hymns and the Scriptures in church services is a great power.

The "Grecian bend," the "Alexandra limp," the "Saratoga droop," and the "Kangaroo jump" make a pretty quartette of terms descriptive of modern styles of walking.

The preparation of kindling-wood for the market is a recognized department of the coal and wood trade. Some of the pine used is brought from Long Island, but most of it is Virginia pine.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health-insurance company and inquired, "Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, Sir." "Vell, I vants mine helts inshured: vot you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Vell," said mein Herr, "I vants ten dollar vot." The agent inquired the state of his health. "Vell, I ish sick all te time. I's shust out te bed two tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more good for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this mein Herr bristled up in great anger. "You must tink I's a pig fool! vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for inshure my helt ven I vos vell?"

A Chicago paper says of a contemporary that "it has doubled its circulation: another man takes a copy now."

In Indiana a local paper attributes a scarcity of small change to its being sent to the heathen through church collections.

Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

The Church-Yard of Love—Marriage.

A wholesale house advertises: "Wanted—women to sell on commission." Gals, there's your chance.

Two teachers were discussing the efficacy of corporal punishment in education. "I can speak from large experience," said one. "I have always used it in my school, and every one knows that my scholars are the cream of our aristocracy." "The whipped cream, if you please," rejoined his opponent.

The Coming Man—Jack Frost.

"Sam, how do you like that knife I sold you last week?" "So so. It's not very sharp; yet you managed to shave me with it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A committee of the British Association, which was largely instrumental in securing the passage of an act of Parliament for the preservation of sea-fowl and their eggs, now proposes to have the law extended to other species, including such of the wading and swimming birds as are fit for human food. Attention was called by the committee to the case of the very rare bird known as Pallas's sand-grouse, a native of Eastern Asia, which has occasionally visited Western Europe in immense numbers, and where it would probably have established itself but for the extermination following its appearance.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology has made its appearance, and presents a gratifying picture of the progress of this great establishment. The most important additions during the year have been a collection of stone implements from Cape Cod presented by Mr. **Samuel H. Russell**, a series of duplicates from the **Christie** collection of London, and specimens obtained from explorations in Tennessee by Mr. **Dunning**, and in Central America by Dr. **Berendt**. These are supplemented by numerous single donations of more or less value. In the course of some critical observations upon the specimens received by the Museum attention is called to the great value of a collection of crania and human bones obtained from certain mounds in Kentucky by Mr. S. S. **Lyon**, in the course of explorations made under the combined auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and of the Peabody Museum. The peculiarities of the crania of the American Indians have already been referred to by various writers, but some curious facts are detailed in the report in regard to other portions of the skeleton. Thus the ulna and radius, as compared with the humerus, were found to be much larger in the mound Indians, while the length of the tibia, as compared with the femur, is longer in the whites. In quite an unusual number of Indian skeletons the two fossæ at the lower end of the humerus were found to communicate, producing a perforation. This feature, rarely met with in the white races, occurs quite frequently in the mound remains, while in the black race it appears to be still more frequent.

An additional peculiarity of the mound bones consists in the flattening of the tibia, which, until the date of the present publication, has not been recorded as occurring in America, although remains from the dolmens of France, the quaternary drift of Clichy, and the burial-caves of Cro-Magnon and Gibraltar exhibit this in a very marked degree.

As regards the pelvis, the breadth in the Indian races is found to be less than in the whites, while the three diameters of the brim of the true pelvis are greatest in the Indians. The transverse diameter and the size of the outlet of the pelvis are much the largest in the Indian, while the sacrum is less curved, supplying conditions which in the process of parturition are more favorable to the Indian women.

We have already referred at various times to enterprises on the part of the Peruvian government in exploring the less-known portions of that country, and we find in late South American journals details of a movement looking toward the examination of the regions of the Ucayale and Urubamba. The object of the expedition is to find a port which will open up to the department of Cuzco a communication with the main branch of the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic. The work is to be under the direction of Mr. Tucker, favorably known in similar enterprises before. The present plan is for Don Raymundo Estrella and another commissioner to start from the port of Illapani in two large canoes, and make their way by the Urubamba to Iquitos, which is the Peruvian naval station on the Amazon. This is for the purpose of obtaining such a knowledge of the rivers as may fit them to serve as pilots to the steamer which is to ascend the Ucayale and explore the Urubamba. They are to make their way back about thirty leagues from Cuzco.

By the Report of the Commissioners of the Herring Fisheries of Scotland for 1870, just published, we learn that the season in question proved the best known upon the coast of Scotland, the yield having amounted to over 833,000 barrels, as compared with 804,000 for 1867, the next largest. The blockade of the Baltic ports by the French had a depressing influence, without which it is supposed the catch would have been much larger. The cod and ling fishery was also improved, the increase amounting to ninety-seven hundred-weight. In the various fisheries about 15,000 boats, manned by nearly 46,000 men and boys, were employed. The total estimated value of the boats, nets, lines, etc., was over $4,700,000.

A writer in *Land and Water*, calling attention to the great number of porpoises in India, proposes to utilize them in the interest of the arts by the construction of some cheap form of bomb lance, which is to be shot into them from a boat by means of a shoulder gun. The chief value of porpoises consists in the oil, skin, and head, and in the leather, which is of the strongest character, and fitted for all uses where extreme tenacity is required.

The daily papers of August 29 contain the latest reports from Captain Hall and his steamer *Polaris*, in the form of a telegraphic dispatch from the United States ship *Congress*, dated at St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 28. It will be remembered that this vessel was detailed by the Secretary of the Navy to carry supplies of provisions and coal to be stored in Greenland for the use of the arctic expedition. She left St. Johns on her outward trip on the 3d of August, reaching Disco on the 10th, passing hundreds of immense icebergs on the way. The *Polaris* was found at Disco, having reached that place only six days in advance, although she started long before the *Congress*.

Captain Hall and his party were in good spirits and sanguine of success. The *Congress* reports that Captain Hall left Disco on the 17th of August for the north, where communication with him will, of course, be uncertain for some time to come, unless the object of the expedition in reaching the north pole can be accomplished in time to return during the present year. It is understood that instead of going by way of Jones Sound, as was the original intention, Captain Hall will proceed along the eastern side of Smith Sound. By all accounts the water is much more open than for many years past, there being comparatively little drift-ice to bar progress. To the surprise of the officers of the *Congress*, the summer temperature of Greenland was found to be quite elevated, and there was a luxuriant vegetation to be seen around the settlement of Disco.

We have already adverted to the offer of Mr. John Hampden, of England, to forfeit five hundred pounds sterling in case he failed to prove to the satisfaction of an impartial referee that the earth is flat, and not round. The challenge was accepted by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, an eminent naturalist, and, as might have been expected, the case was decided against Mr. Hampden. Since that time Mr. Wallace has been much annoyed by scurrilous attacks both upon himself and wife at the instigation of Mr. Hampden, and he has been obliged to seek protection in the courts; and as the result Mr. Hampden has been compelled to pay damages to the amount of six hundred pounds sterling.

The Panama papers speak of the great success which several whaling ships are now meeting with in the Bay of Panama, quite a number of whales having been killed there every day for some time past. It is stated that at the time the steamship *Chile* passed Payta a school of small whales were there in such abundance that the boats were afraid to leave the harbor.

We have already referred to the hydrographical and other explorations in Alaska by Mr. William H. Dall, under the patronage of the Coast Survey; and we now learn that he left San Francisco for the north at the end of August, bound direct to Iliuliuk Harbor, Oonalaska, there to go into winter-quarters. It was his intention, according to his instructions, to make use of every favorable opportunity to survey the vicinity of that port, and in March to proceed westward, sounding and surveying as far as Kamtchatka, and then turning north and eastward to Cape Romanzoff, to return to Oonalaska, and thence proceed homeward. The vessel obtained for the expedition, although small, is conveniently adapted for its purpose, and can carry provisions for six months; and it is expected that fresh supplies will be forwarded from San Francisco in March next. The party, besides Mr. Dall, consists of Professor Harrington, the astronomer, Captain W. G. Hall, sailing master, with two mates and five men.

Dr. Sclater, at the late meeting of the British Association, presented a report of the committee for the founding of zoological stations in different parts of the globe; the idea being to establish these at points selected with reference to their expressing the peculiarities of zoological character where extensive collections in natural history can be made. It is proposed that one of these stations be at Torquay, on the southern coast of England; and a grant of five hundred pounds sterling was asked from the Association for this purpose.

The sea-fowl protection bill, passed some years ago by the British Parliament, has already produced striking results in the great multiplication of sea-fowl on the coast of England; and it is now quite a common complaint among the residents of certain district that the birds are so numerous that they destroy, to a great extent, the young fish, including the fry of the herring, mackerel, and salmon. It is proposed, therefore, to relax somewhat from the stringency of the law, so as to allow the taking of a certain number for food, feathers, and oil; this permission, as is contended, being necessary to keep the species down to a reasonable degree of abundance.

Among other interesting communications to the late meeting of the British Association is one by Mr. Kent upon the zoological results of the dredging expedition of the yacht *Norna*, off the coast of Spain and Portugal, in 1870; great credit being given to her owner, Mr. Marshall Hall, for thus utilizing a summer's excursion in the interest of science. Many interesting collections were obtained, embracing new forms of the group of silicious sponges, to which *Euplectella*, or "Venus's flower-basket," and *Hyalonema*, or the "glass rope sponge," belong. These were obtained at from 400 to 800 fathoms, off Cezimbra, at the mouth of the Sadao River, and included specimens of *Hyalonema* scarcely to be distinguished from the well-known Japan species. A species of *Fusus* (*F. contrarius*) was found identical with a common fossil of the Norwich Crag, and other invertebrates obtained more nearly related to Japanese and Chinese species than to any known Atlantic or Mediterranean forms.

The material obtained during the cruise was readily separable into two portions: the first, that collected from the shore-line down to a depth of 100 fathoms, which presented an interblending of Mediterranean species with those inhabiting a more temperate coast of Europe; the second, embracing those taken at a depth of more than 400 fathoms, remarkable for their northern or colder water character and affinities.

It is much to be desired that some of the owners of the many powerful steam and sailing yachts in the United States may be induced to follow the example of Mr. Hall, as the field of exploration outside of a few miles from shore, along the Atlantic coast, is almost entirely unworked, with the exception of what has been done by the United States Coast Survey; and this, however rich in results, covering but a small portion of the ground. During the summer season a week or two might be spent off the coast, at distances varying from twenty to a few hundred miles, with perfect ease and safety; and by means of apparatus costing but little, and with the companionship of some man of science, always readily obtainable, it would be a more rational occupation than that of junketing in harbors, or sailing races for the mere purpose of ascertaining which of several boats is the swiftest.

THE PRIESTS AND THE CHILDREN.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

No more alarming fact appears in the condition of our city—not even the gross corruption of its rulers and the total decay of public morality—than that its free-school system has received a fatal blow. Its children are ceasing to attend school. Each year the usual increase in attendance has been three or four thousand, but since 1869 it has scarcely been as many hundred. Population advances, but the number of pupils in the public schools remains nearly unchanged. Should this condition of things continue, it is easy to see that in a few years the system of general education must sink into decay, and wholly fail to supply that basis of intelligence and virtue upon which all free governments must rest.

To destroy our free schools, and perhaps our free institutions, has been for many years the constant aim of the extreme section of the Romish Church. The Romish Church has become identified with the society of Loyola; the Jesuits rule at Rome; the daring and aggressive spirit of that singular body has found a suitable instrument in the Irish Catholics; the Irish Catholics govern New York. Such is the unhappy condition of our free city that the priestly influence which has been cast off with abhorrence in all foreign lands—except, perhaps, in distracted France—has thrown its blight upon the very sources of our advancing intelligence and prosperity. In Italy a vigorous free-school system has been introduced in defiance of the intrigues of the priests or the anathemas of the pope. In Rome itself, beneath the shadow of the Vatican, education is open to all. Spain is slowly imitating Italy. And it is scarcely three years since fifteen hundred school-masters, the most valuable and progressive portion of the Austrian population, met in an assembly at Vienna and demanded from their government the perfect freedom of the public schools. Their request was granted; education was relieved from the intolerable burden of priestly interference; the pope in vain hurled anathema or allocution against the rising intelligence of the people.

But while Vienna, Madrid, or Rome have, with signal courage, defied the spiritual and temporal power of their former tyrants, the Irish Catholics, the last adherents of the infallible pope, have made haste to lay New York at his feet. Of all the great capitals ours is the only one that is priest-ridden. The Jesuits and the Irish appoint our Mayor and Controller, our judges and Police Commissioners, the Board of Aldermen, the Board of Education; and the results of this Catholic rule have become apparent in such enormous peculation, such a wide system of daring robbery, such a rapid growth of crime, such rulers and such officials, as have scarcely been known in the worst governed capitals of Europe. The poor are ground down by an intolerable taxation; corrupt officials, in uncounted numbers, plunder the people at will; the Romish Church grasps its full share of the spoil. In Madrid, Rome, and Florence, so recently the centres of priestly intolerance, the indignant people have confiscated the ill-gotten gains of the Church, sold monasteries, convents, Jesuit colleges and abbey lands, and applied their proceeds to the relief of the embarrassed nation. In New York, within a few years, Romish colleges and convents, churches, hospitals, cathedrals, have sprung up in startling numbers, and were paid for, either secretly or openly, from the already bankrupt treasury of the city. Already we need a Henry VIII. to break up our monasteries, and may well imitate the example of Italy or Spain.

Yet, had our priestly rulers spared our children, we might have exercised some patience. They might take our money, did they leave us any hope for the new generation. There is—or there was—no more cheering sight than one of our crowded public schools, where a thousand children might often be seen, happy, hopeful, intelligent; learning from careful teachers neatness, good order, and self-control, as well as grammar or spelling, and, whether taken from the cellar or the dram-shop, being swiftly transformed into decency and morality. The public school was a centre of light and progress in the least reputable quarters of the city. Nor has any expense or foresight been spared to make this part of our civic institutions as perfect as we could devise. Nowhere are finer school buildings, more costly appliances, or the inventions of eminent educators more zealously applied. Its common-school system has done more for the well-being and good order of our city than all its courts and judges, police or prisons: for the welfare of every community rests upon the education of its children.

But bitter is the hatred with which our Catholic rulers have ever looked upon the public school. Accustomed to control the ignorant masses of Ireland or of unreformed Italy and Spain, fearful that their people, if educated, would revolt from their tyranny, at least in political matters, the foreign priests and their American converts have for twenty years waged a ceaseless war against the cause of education. Their papers teemed with denunciations of the common-school system. They demanded that the method of instruction introduced by our ancestors as the foundation of their free institutions, and rapidly advancing toward perfection beneath the labors of eminent educators—a Henry Barnard or a Horace Mann—should be at once abandoned; that denominational schools should be established, in which might be taught, at the public expense, the politics of the Dark Ages or the worship of Mary; where republican institutions might be denounced, the foundations of freedom sapped and undermined at will; where sect should be trained in hostility against sect, and possibly a tone of morality inculcated such as that which has now made the civic government of New York a shame and a reproach to freemen.

They pursued their assault with persistent audacity. Their first pretext was that, by law, some passages from the Holy Scriptures were directed to be read each morning in the public school. The more liberal Catholics never objected to so profitable a regulation; but the Jesuitical faction exclaimed against it as a fearful insult. They required that the Bible should be wholly disused in popular education; that the principle of papal Rome should be adopted by American educators. They even boldly violated the express law, and in several Catholic schools the Bible has never been read for twenty years. Next they complained of history—not certainly without some cause, for history must be scarcely less unpalatable to the Jesuit than the Bible; and so successful were they in their appeal that the grievance was redressed, and the study of history, it is stated by a teacher, has sunk to nothing in the New York schools. Text-books have been rewritten; truth often modified or suppressed; yet still our foreign rulers were never content. With their growing strength they gained the control of the Board of Education. That body, which had once been made up of intelligent and honest citizens, was now composed, in great part, of the ignorant and often the vicious; of disreputable men who had gained influence in corrupt politics; of the least worthy section of the ruling party. The schools at once began to decline. Teachers were sometimes appointed wholly unfit for their duties, and from their small salaries a considerable bribe was often exacted by their avaricious patrons. The office of teacher was, in fact, put up for sale. The discipline of the schools grew imperfect; the Protestant teacher was often made to feel the impertinences of his ignorant masters.

Triumphant and vigorous, the extreme faction next resolved to create a rival system. They established private schools in different parts of the city; they boldly demanded that they should be supported from the public funds. Nothing could now resist the influence of the priests. The city officials hastened to serve their masters, and a law was passed by which a certain revenue was appropriated to the maintenance of private schools. The common-school system was, in in fact, abandoned in principle, and seminaries established, wholly sectarian in character, where, at the expense of the city, children might be taught the doctrines of Loyola, or a blind obedience to a foreign Church.

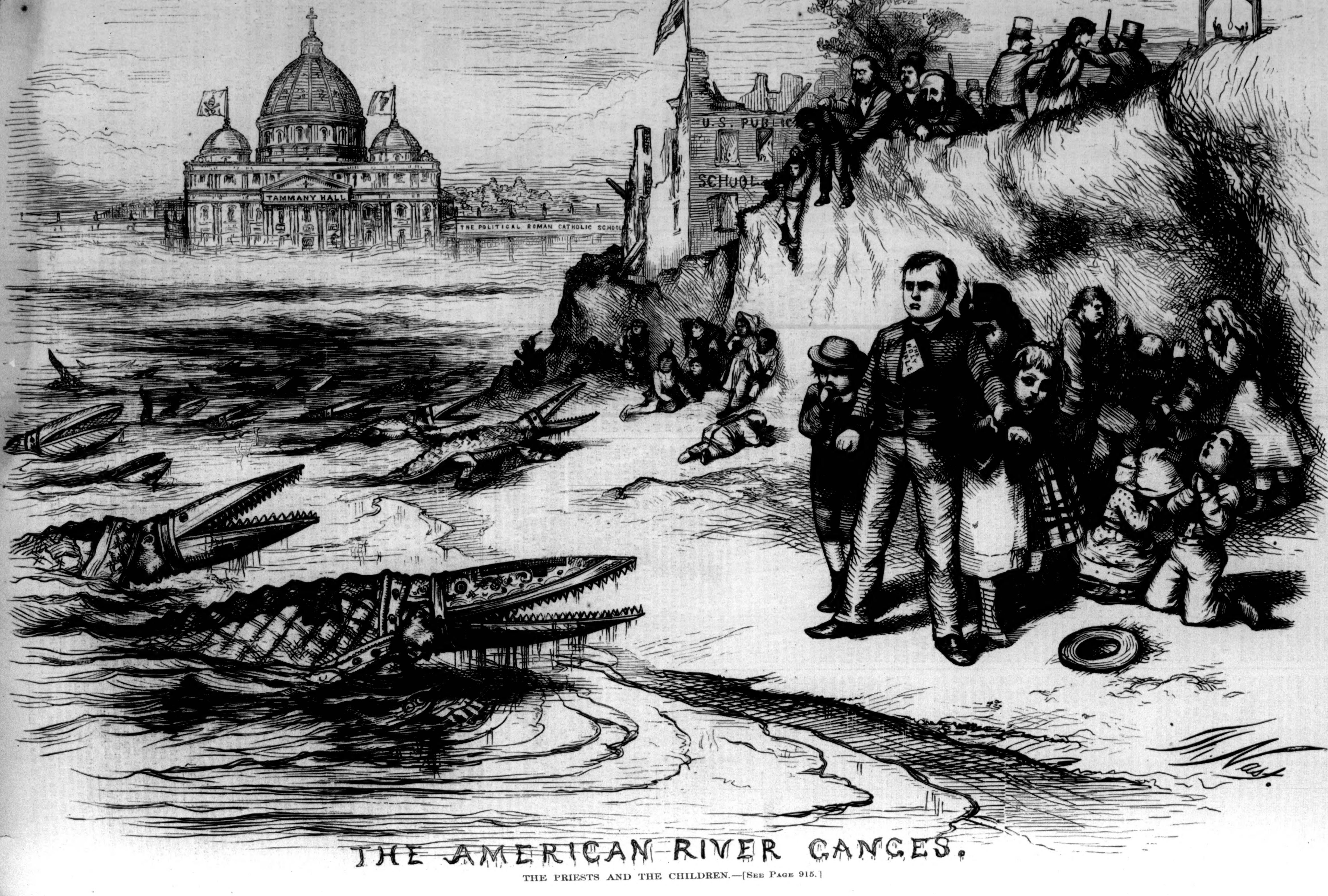
And now came the final blow. The priests had determined to take the control of the common schools from the people, and place it in the hands of a body of men wholly under their influence. If this were done, they modestly suggested, there would be an end of all controversy. In the Board of Education there were still several honest men, elected by the people, who were conscientious and resolute, who gave trouble, who must be put out of the way. This could be accomplished only by abolishing the board altogether. The winter of 1871 came—the most memorable for painful and disgraceful incidents in the history of the city of New York. It was the culmination of the triumph of our priestly rulers. A band of men, united at least in interest, ruled the city, and even the State, with a despotic power seldom equaled, who owed their offices to the priests. A new charter was created making that power almost perpetual. The wealth of the city was wasted in enormous salaries to judges, officials, and countless dependents, the faithful servants of the Romish Church; and every Catholic institution, from the Protectory to the Foundling Asylum, rejoiced in its share of the plunder of the impoverished city.

In this turmoil of extravagance and corruption the Board of Education was swept away, and its powers lodged in a new board of twelve men appointed by the Mayor. It is stated that nearly all its members hold office under the city government; that the people have lost all control over the public schools; that no one can be appointed a teacher who is without influence with the ruling faction; that the Bible is being rapidly excluded from all the Catholic schools; that an effort is apparent in several wards to drive away the Protestant teachers; that in one school the children were found celebrating the Catholic feast of the Ascension; that since 1869 there has been a steady decline in the numbers of the pupils, in the discipline and value of the schools. So faithful to its Romish masters is the new board that it has excluded from its list of school-books most of the publications of an eminent publishing house because their periodicals have spared neither the pope nor his New York vassals; nor can it be doubted that the total ruin of our common-school system must be the final result of the continuance of our present rulers in power.

To save the children from the priests, therefore; to preserve from desecration or decay that generous system of instruction devised by our fathers, which can alone teach equality and fraternity among all citizens; to save the foundations of our freedom—must now be the aim of every honest man. Against the enemies of the children, who will not help us? We claim the aid of every Protestant yet unbribed; of every liberal Catholic who has seen with joy the emancipation of Austria, Italy, or Spain from a spiritual tyranny; of every German who, in his country's danger, felt the sincerity of republican sympathy; of the Irishman who has discovered with gratitude and joy that here at least he may find a peaceful home, equality, and freedom, that his children may here rise by industry and virtue to any station they may deserve to win, that here he need feel himself no stranger. We claim the aid of the cultivated Romish priest to restrain the fanaticism of his unreflecting brethren, to check them in their mad crusade against the cherished institutions of their adopted home.

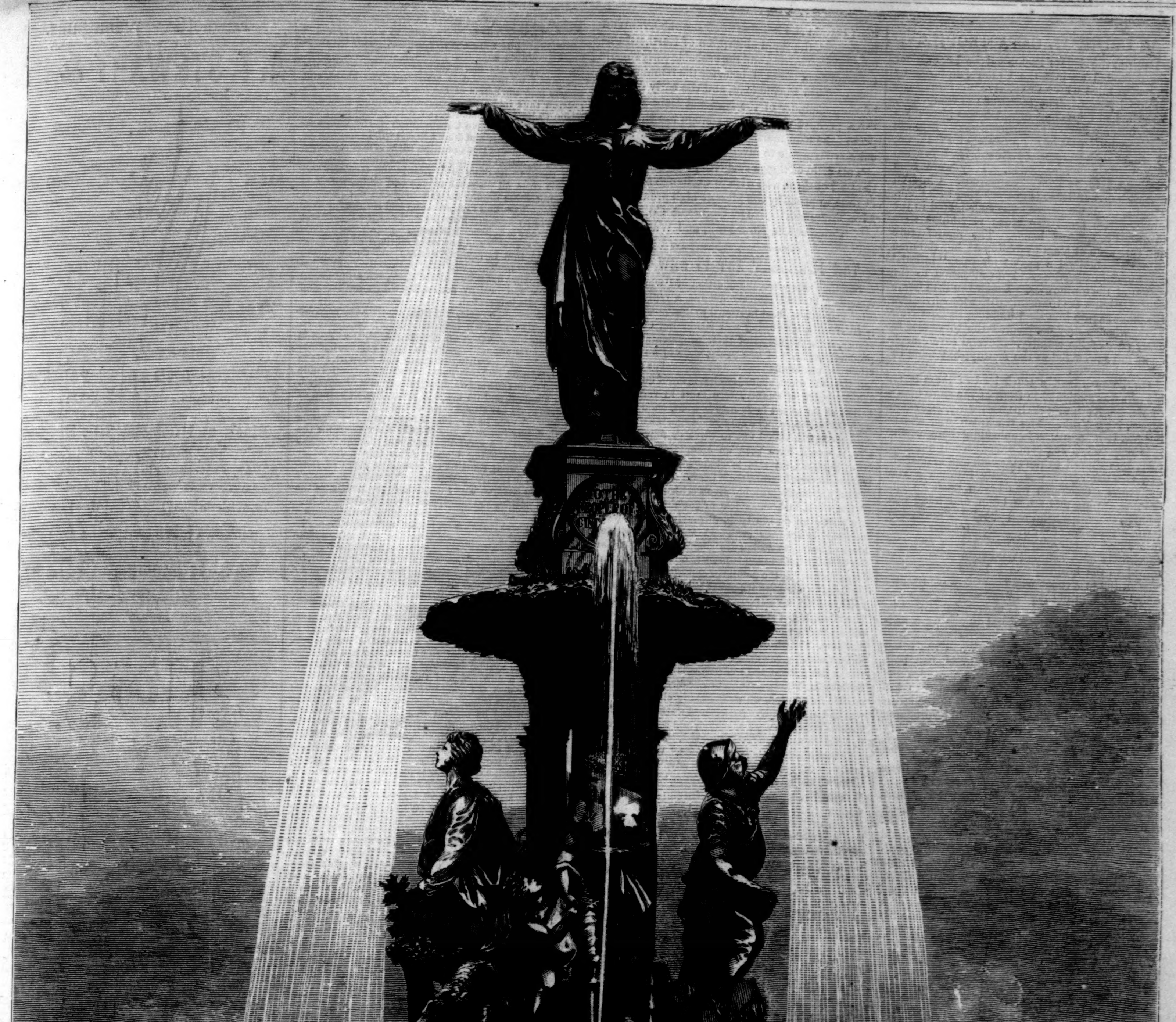
We might appeal even to the Romish Church itself to stifle the zeal of its political agitators before they lead it to its ruin. We have no hostility, as citizens, to any sect or any creed. We rebuke only the guilty. But for any sect or any party that forces upon us unworthy rulers, that seeks to embarrass the progress of education, that corrupts the sources of our civilization, and fosters among us the dishonesty and the empty show of European courts, we are certain a fearful retribution will be found in the general indignation of the people. The common-school system is dear to every American; the school-master is rising every day to new importance in the nation. He who offends either can not hope to escape unpunished.

One happy result may flow from our disasters. The fate of New York under its priestly rulers will serve as a warning to every city, town, or village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No one need any longer turn to history to observe the effect of Romish influence. It lies before him: our treasury rifled; our credit shaken; the poor laborer asking vainly for his honest wages day after day; the rich official reveling in disreputable gains; an enormous debt heaped upon us we know not how; our schools decaying, our teachers cowering before their Catholic masters; our press, when it ventures to complain, threatened with violence or insulted by offered bribes; the interests of the city neglected, its honorable reputation gone. We may trust, too, that from our disasters and our humiliation a new spirit may arise among our people; that economy, honesty, simplicity may return to us; that every vestige of the priestly rule may be swept away; and that the citizen of New York may yet be suffered to speak the truth with as little danger of personal violence in his own city as if he were in Rome. Madrid, or Vienna.


TAMMANY HALL
THE POLITICAL ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL
U.S. PUBLIC SCHOOL
THE HOLY BIBLE

THE AMERICAN RIVER GANGES.

THE PRIESTS AND THE CHILDREN.—[See Page 915.]



THE NEW FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.—[See Page 911.]

A CRIMINAL CATASTROPHE.

DURING the siege of Richmond the James River was defended against the Union gun-boats by torpedoes filled with an explosive mixture of exceptional power. The secret of the compound, the principal ingredient of which was nitro-glycerine, became known to parties who put it to use in the manufacture of toy torpedoes for children, by whom they were prized for the fearful racket they made when exploded. They were soon discovered to be highly dangerous. Children met with dreadful accidents in playing with them. The life of grown persons was endangered in the street, where these dangerous playthings were thrown by careless hands. The manufacture and sale were at length prohibited; but the men who had obtained a patent for this "infernal machine" in disguise paid no attention to the action of the authorities. Under the firm name of "KLUEBER & GOLDSCHMIDT" they carried on the manufacture in a shed building in East New York, whence they distributed the torpedoes to every part of the country. Several severe accidents have occurred at the factory, but none of a fatal character.

On the 14th inst. a truck load of these terrible toys was stationed in front of the store-house of Messrs. KLUEBER & GOLDSCHMIDT, Beekman Street, New York. The truckman was assisting Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT in unloading them, when, it is supposed, a box containing several hundred torpedoes slipped to the sidewalk and exploded. Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT was fatally injured. The unfortunate truckman was blown upon an adjoining awning and street lamp, and hung suspended there, his head and shoulders projecting beyond the edge of the awning. He had scarcely a shred of clothing left upon him, and was shockingly mangled, and died soon after his removal to the hospital. A lad of fourteen, who was sitting at a cellar-way near by, was instantly killed; and an old man of seventy-six, who was passing at the time, was so badly injured that he died soon afterward. Several others were seriously wounded. A pitiable spectacle was exhibited by the truck horses. One had the lower jaw broken by a fragment of wood, and both were covered with deep gashes in the sides and haunches. No one had the humanity to kill them, and they stood for two hours in the street before an agent of Mr. BERGH could be procured to say what should be done with them. They were then led away to a stable.

The building before which the torpedoes were unloading was very much shattered, and there was scarcely a whole pane of glass left in the windows on either side of the street the distance of a block from where the explosion took place. The truck was flattened to the pavement, portions of it were scattered over the street, and not a single wheel was left entire. Providentially the street was comparatively clear at the time, or the loss of life would have been greater. A street car filled with passengers had passed the building but a moment before; a delay of a few seconds might have added scores to the list of fatalities. Our illustration on page 909 shows the scene of this terrible catastrophe immediately after the explosion.

CONVERTING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co. have issued the following financial circular relative to the general conditions of the loan market, and the exchanging of government bonds for railroad securities:

Office of JAY COOKE & Co.,
NEW YORK, *September* 20, 1871.

The signal success of the New Five per Cent. Government Loan foreshadows the early funding of the entire Public Debt at 5 per cent. or a less rate, and indicates that the average rate of interest on loanable capital in this country will not henceforward be much above 6 per cent., the tendency being to an equalization of rates between America and Europe.

The present holders of Five-Twenties must, therefore, decide whether it is not best to make *at once* such a change of investment as will enable them to realize as *profit*, or add to their capital, the present average premium of 14 per cent., while at the same time largely increasing their annual income.

To holders of United States Securities who wish to improve the present most favorable opportunity for changing their investment at a large profit we strongly recommend Northern Pacific Seven-Thirty First-Mortgage Bonds (principal and interest payable in gold), now selling at par in currency. They are in large and rapidly increasing demand, and with their high rate of interest, ample security, and their convertibility into the Lands of the Company at 10 per cent. premium, they constitute a most desirable investment, and can hardly fail to advance considerably above par at an early day.

The holder of a $1000 *Five-Twenty bond who exchanges it* NOW *for Northern Pacifics thereby increases his principal by* 14½ *per cent., receiving* $1145 *in Northern Pacifics for* $1000 *in Five-Twenties. He also permanently increases the yearly interest income on his investment more than* 38 *per cent., or from* $60 *in gold to* $83 22 *in gold.*

This most unusual opportunity for the profitable conversion of Government Bonds into Corporate Securities of undoubted reliability can not long continue. The increasing abundance of loanable capital both at home and abroad, the almost certain rise in value of all desirable railroad mortgages, the rapid absorption of Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, and the probable early substitution of a six per cent. bond for the remainder of the Northern Pacific loan, and the early funding of the remainder of the National Debt at lower rates, promise very soon to change the entire aspect of the loan market which is just now so peculiarly favorable to investors.

This state of things suggests prompt action on the part of those who wish to exchange securities in time to profit by the present high premium on Five-Twenties. JAY COOKE & Co.,
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THE time was when the question of "who read an American book?" scarcely elicited a reply. As to American art (at least in regard to that most æsthetic portion of it, the setting and fashioning of precious stones, with the detail of their ornamentation), our productions, until of late years, were of a singularly crude and unclassified character. Most of us can recollect the time when, about jewelry, ideas of quantity, to the disregard of quality, were most in vogue. Our ladies, as far as art in *bijouterie* went, were satisfied with the mediocre. (Twenty years ago, if a five-dollar gold piece was rolled out to three or four times its size, it would have been an acceptable ornament.) Now, however, all this is changed, and they have learned to be critical in their taste. Purchasers look not only at the designs, but give a critical examination to the work, and an article of jewelry defective in any way, even on the back, displaying coarse workmanship, is severely criticised, and often rejected. Ideas of beauty in design are sought after. The quantity of the precious metals used is not so much cared for as delicacy in the details of execution. We do not purchase because the ornament is simply massive, but because a skillful artificer has fashioned it with taste. The mounting of stones in every branch of the jewelers' art may be compared to the effects of a picture in its frame. The whole should be harmoniously blended, so that nothing can shock or jar the display. To arrive at the present state of perfection has been a difficult task. Public taste had to be directed, and purer models introduced, which gradually eliminated what was bad and glaring. Artists and workmen in all the various branches were educated, and the jewelers' art in America has been revolutionized. The results have fully rewarded the labor expended. We were never made so fully conscious of this advance in taste as when we visited the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John Street (which, unlike other stores, we found situated up stairs), and saw their rich collection of jewels, in Brooches, Pendants, Necklaces, and Bracelets, which for happiness of conception and admirable workmanship fully rival the most *recherché* works of European jewelers.—[*Com.*]

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The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity can not heal, the matter can not ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung can not with safety to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling winds of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure, under almost any circumstances, is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

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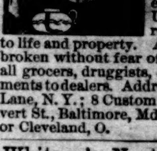

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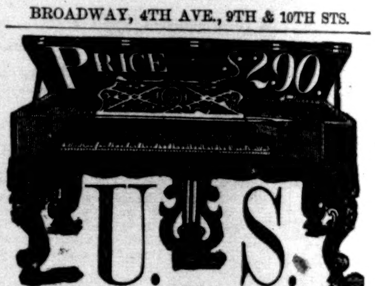

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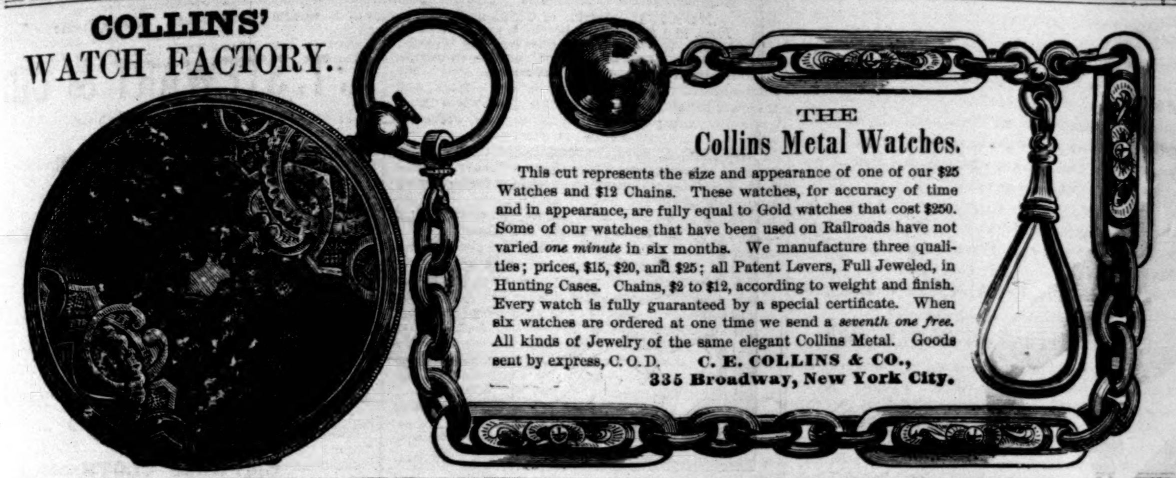

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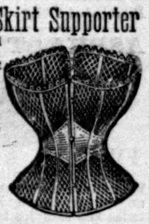

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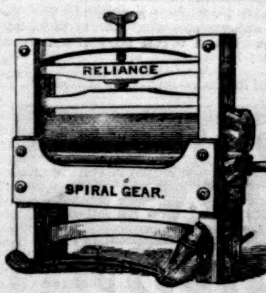

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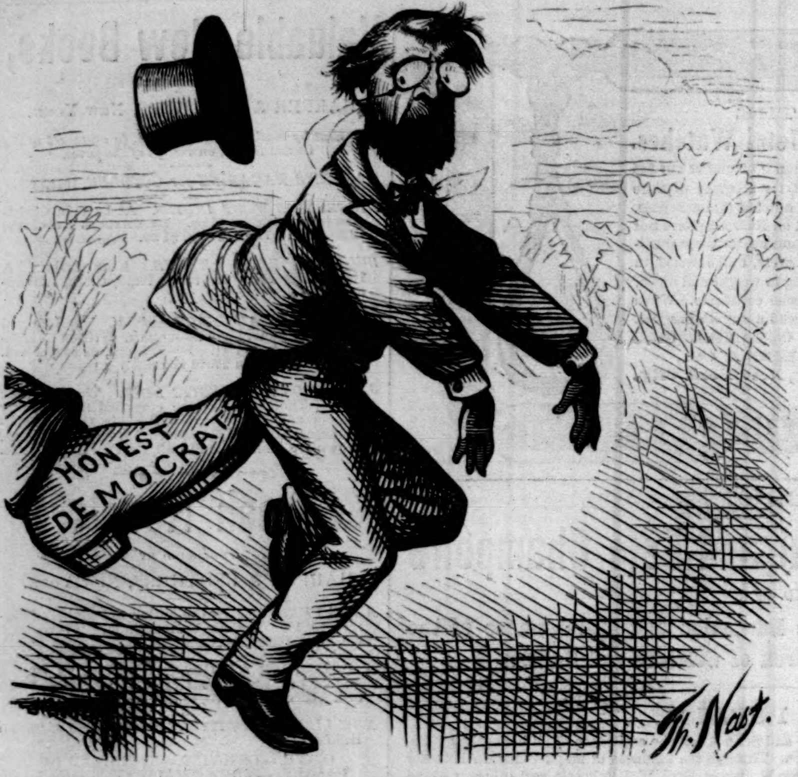

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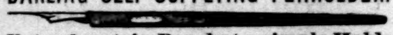

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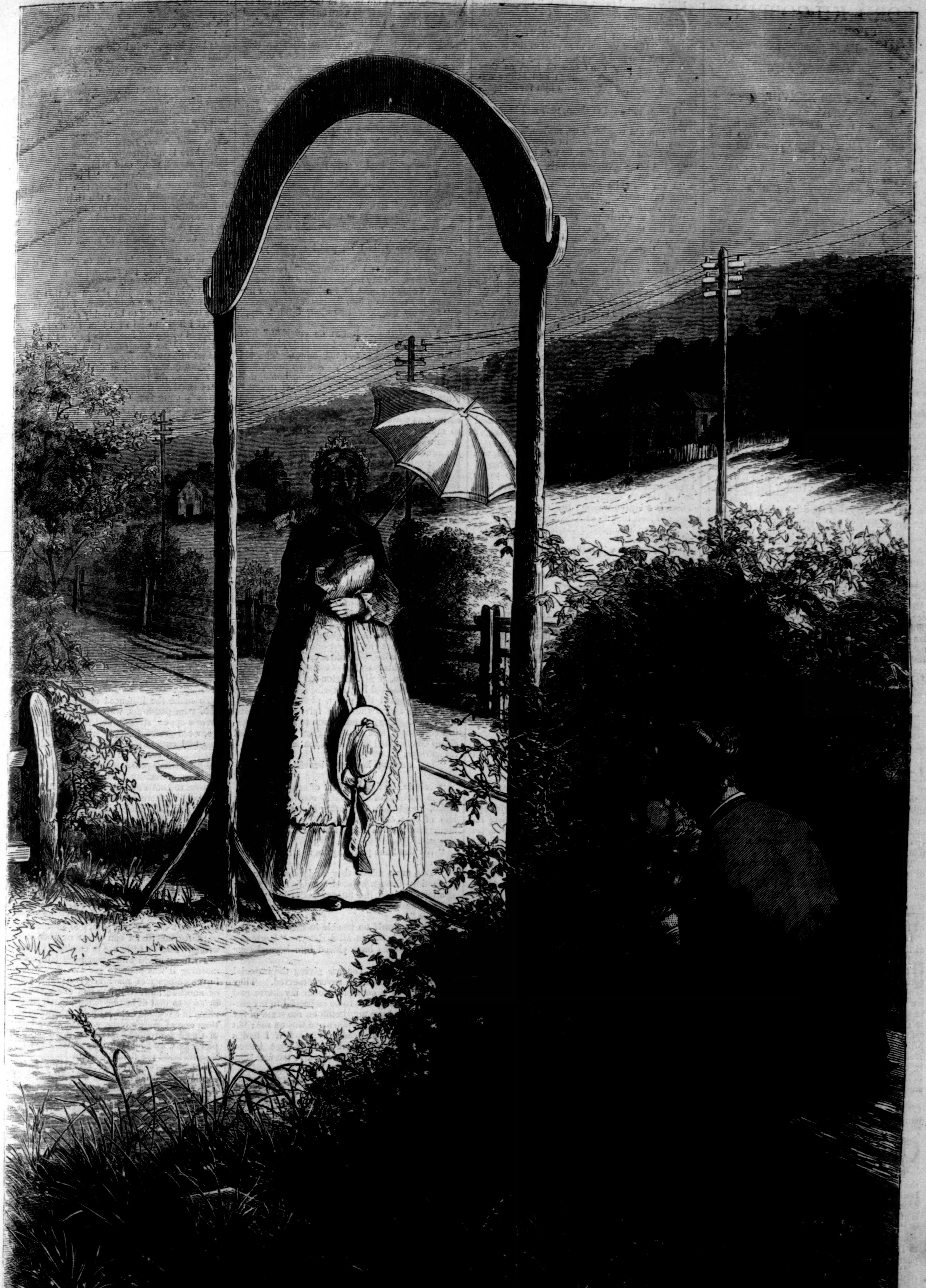

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LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"O'SHEA'S BARN."

THERE were many more pretentious houses than "O'Shea's Barn." It would have been easy enough to discover larger rooms and finer furniture, more numerous servants and more of display in all the details of life; but for an air of quiet comfort, for the certainty of meeting with every material enjoyment that people of moderate fortune aspire to, it stood unrivaled.

The rooms were airy and cheerful, with flowers in summer, as they were well heated and well lighted in winter. The most massive-looking but luxurious old arm-chairs, that modern taste would have repudiated for ugliness, abounded every where; and the four cumbrous but comfortable seats that stood around the circular dinner-table—and it was a matter of principle with Miss Betty that the company should never be more numerous—only needed speech to have told of traditions of conviviality for very nigh two centuries back.

As for a dinner at "the Barn," the whole county-side confessed that they never knew how it was that Miss Betty's salmon was "curdier," and her mountain mutton more tender, and her woodcocks racier and of higher flavor, than any one else's. Her brown sherry you might have equaled—she liked the color and the heavy taste—but I defy you to match that marvelous port which came in with the cheese, and as little, in these days of light Bordeaux, that stout-hearted Sneyd's claret, in its ancient decanter, whose delicately fine neck seemed fashioned to retain the bouquet.

The most exquisite compliment that a courtier ever uttered could not have given Miss Betty the same pleasure as to hear one of her guests request a second slice of "the haunch." This was, indeed, a flattery that appealed to her finest sensibilities; and, as she herself carved, she knew how to reward that appreciative man with fat.

Never was the virtue of hospitality more self-rewarding than in her case; and the discriminating individual who ate with gusto, and who never associated the wrong condiment with his food, found favor in her eyes, and was sure of re-invitation.

Fortune had rewarded her with one man of correct taste and exquisite palate as a diner-out. This was the parish priest, the Rev. Luke Delany, who had been educated abroad, and whose natural gifts had been improved by French and Italian experiences. He was a small, little, meek man, with closely-cut black hair and eyes of the darkest; scrupulously neat in dress, and, by his ruffles and buckled shoes at dinner, affecting something of the abbé in his appearance. To such as associated the Catholic priest with coarse manners, vulgar expressions, or violent sentiments, Father Luke, with his low voice, his well-chosen words, and his universal moderation, was a standing rebuke; and many an English tourist who met him came away with the impression of the gross calumny that associated this man's order with under-bred habits and disloyal ambitions. He spoke little, but he was an admirable listener, and there was a sweet encouragement in the bland nod of his head, and a rare appreciation in the bright twinkle of his humorous eye, that the prosiest talker found irresistible.

There were times, indeed—stirring intervals of political excitement—when Miss Betty would have liked more hardihood and daring in her ghostly counselor; but Heaven help the man who would have ventured on the open avowal of such opinion, or uttered a word in disparagement of Father Luke.

It was in that snug dinner-room I have glanced at that a party of four sat over their wine. They had dined admirably; a bright wood fire blazed on the hearth, and the scene was the emblem of comfort and quiet conviviality. Opposite Miss O'Shea sat Father Delany, and on either side of her her nephew Gorman and Mr. Ralph Miller, in whose honor the present dinner was given.

The Romish bishop of the diocese had vouchsafed a guarded and cautious approval of Mr. Miller's views, and secretly instructed Father Delany to learn as much more as he conveniently could of the learned gentleman's intentions before committing himself to a pledge of hearty support.

"I will give him a good dinner," said Miss O'Shea, "and some of the '45 claret; and if you can not get his sentiments out of him after that, I wash my hands of him."

Father Delany accepted his share of the task, and assuredly Miss Betty did not fail on her part.

The conversation had turned principally on the coming election, and Mr. Miller gave a flourishing account of his success as a canvasser, and even went the length of doubting if any opposition would be offered to him.

"Ain't you and young Kearney going on the same ticket?" asked Gorman, who was too new to Ireland to understand the nice distinctions of party.

"Pardon me," said Miller, "we differ essentially. *We* want a government in Ireland—the Nationalists want none. *We* desire order by means of timely concession and judicious boons to the people. They want disorder—the display of gross injustice—content to wait for a scramble, and see what can come of it."

"Mr. Miller's friends, besides," interposed Father Luke, "would defend the Church and protect the Holy Father"—and this was said with a half interrogation.

Miller coughed twice, and said, "Unquestionably. We have shown our hand already—look what we have done with the Established Church."

"You need not be proud of it," cried Miss Betty. "If you wanted to get rid of the crows, why didn't you pull down the rookery?"

"At least they don't caw so loud as they used," said the priest, smiling; and Miller exchanged delighted glances with him for his opinion.

"I want to be rid of them, root and branch," said Miss Betty.

"If you will vouchsafe us, ma'am, a little patience. Rome was not built in a day. The next victory of our Church must be won by the downfall of the English establishment. Ain't I right, Father Luke?"

"I am not quite clear about that," said the priest, cautiously. "Equality is not the safe road to supremacy."

"What was that row over toward Croghan Castle this morning?" asked Gorman, who was getting wearied with a discussion he could not follow. "I saw the constabulary going in force there this afternoon."

"They were in pursuit of the celebrated Dan Donogan," said Father Luke. "They say he was seen at Moate."

"They say more than that," said Miss Betty. "They say that he is stopping at Kilgobbin Castle!"

"I suppose to conduct young Kearney's election," said Miller, laughing.

"And why should they hunt him down?" asked Gorman. "What has he done?"

"He's a Fenian—a head-centre—a man who wants to revolutionize Ireland," replied Miller.

"And destroy the Church," chimed in the priest.

"Humph!" muttered Gorman, who seemed to imply, Is this all you can lay to his charge? "Has he escaped?" asked he, suddenly.

"Up to this he has," said Miller. "I was talking to the constabulary chief this afternoon, and he told me that the fellow is sure to be apprehended. He has taken to the open bog, and there are eighteen in full cry after him. There is a search-warrant too arrived, and they mean to look him up at Kilgobbin Castle."

"To search Kilgobbin Castle, do you mean?" asked Gorman.

"Just so. It will be, as I perceive you think it, a great offense to Mr. Kearney, and it is not impossible that his temper may provoke him to resist it."

"The mere rumor may materially assist his son's election," said the priest, slyly.

"Only with the party who have no votes, Father Luke," rejoined Miller. "That precarious popularity of the mob is about the most dangerous enemy a man can have in Ireland."

"You are right, Sir," said the priest, blandly. "The real favor of this people is only bestowed on him who has gained the confidence of the clergy."

"If that be true," cried Gorman, "upon my oath I think you are worse off here than in Austria. There, at least, we are beginning to think without the permission of the Church."

"Let us have none of your atheism here, young man," broke in his aunt, angrily. "Such sentiments have never been heard in this room before."

"If I apprehend Lieutenant Gorman aright," interposed Father Luke, "he only refers to the late movement of the Austrian Empire with reference to the Concordat, on which, among religious men, there are two opinions."

"No, no, you mistake me altogether," rejoined Gorman. "What I meant was, that a man can read and talk and think in Austria without the leave of the priest; that he can marry, and, if he like, he can die without his assistance."

"Gorman, you are a beast," said the old lady, "and if you lived here you would be a Fenian."

"You're wrong too, aunt," replied he. "I'd crush those fellows to-morrow if I was in power here."

"Mayhap the game is not so easy as you deem it," interposed Miller.

"Certainly it is not easy when played as you do it here. You deal with your law-breakers only by the rule of legality: that is to say, you respect all the regulations of the game toward the men who play false. You have your cumbrous details, and your lawyers, and judges, and juries, and you can not even proclaim a county in a state of siege without a bill in your blessed Parliament, and a basketful of balderdash about the liberty of the subject. Is it any wonder rebellion is a regular trade with you, and that men who don't like work, or business habits, take to it as a livelihood?"

"But have you never heard Curran's saying, young gentleman? 'You can not bring an indictment against a nation,'" said Miller.

"I'd trouble myself little with indictments," replied Gorman. "I'd break down the confederacy by spies; I'd seize the fellows I knew to be guilty and hang them."

"Without evidence, without trial?"

"Very little of a trial, when I had once satisfied myself of the guilt."

"Are you so certain that no innocent men might be brought to the scaffold?" asked the priest, mildly.

"No, I am not. I take it, as the world goes, very few of us go through life without some injustice or another. I'd do my best not to hang the fellows who didn't deserve it, but I own I'd be much more concerned about the millions who wanted to live peaceably than the few hundred rapscallions that were bent on troubling them."

"I must say, Sir," said the priest, "I am much more gratified to know that you are a lieutenant of lancers in Austria than a British minister in Downing Street."

"I have little doubt myself," said the other, laughing, "that I am more in my place; but of this I am sure, that if we were as mealy-mouthed with our Croats and Slovacks as you are with your Fenians, Austria would soon go to pieces."

"There is, however, a higher price on that man Donogan's head than Austria ever offered for a traitor," said Miller.

"I know how you esteem money here," said Gorman, laughing. "When all else fails you, you fall back upon it."

"Why did I know nothing of these sentiments, young man, before I asked you under my roof?" said Miss Betty, in anger.

"You need never to have known them now, aunt, if these gentlemen had not provoked me; nor, indeed, are they solely mine. I am only telling you what you would hear from any intelligent foreigner, even though he chanced to be a liberal in his own country."

"Ah, yes," sighed the priest, "what the young gentleman says is too true. The Continent is alarmingly infected with such opinions as these."

"Have you talked on politics with young Kearney?" asked Miller.

"He has had no opportunity," interposed Miss O'Shea. "My nephew will be three weeks here on Thursday next, and neither Maurice nor his son has called on him."

"Scarcely neighbor-like that, I must say," cried Miller.

"I suspect the fault lies on my side," said Gorman, boldly. "When I was little more than a boy I was never out of that house. The old man treated me like a son. All the more, perhaps, as his own son was seldom at home, and the little girl Kitty certainly regarded me as a brother; and though we had our fights and squabbles, we cried very bitterly at parting, and each of us vowed we should never like any one so much again. And now, after all, here am I three weeks, within two hours' ride of them, and my aunt insists that my dignity requires I should be first called on. Confound such dignity, say I, if it lose me the best and the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life!"

"I scarcely thought of *your* dignity, Gorman O'Shea," said the old lady, bridling, "though I did bestow some consideration on my own."

"I'm very sorry for it, aunt; and I tell you fairly—and there's no unpoliteness in the confession—that when I asked for my leave, Kilgobbin Castle had its place in my thoughts as well as O'Shea's Barn."

"Why not say it out, young gentleman, and tell me that the real charm of coming here was to be within twelve miles of the Kearneys?"

"The merits of this house are very independent of contiguity," said the priest; and as he eyed the claret in his glass it was plain that the sentiment was an honest one.

"Fifty-six wine, I should say," said Miller, as he laid down his glass.

"Forty-five, if Mr. Barton be a man of his word," said the old lady, reprovingly.

"Ah," sighed the priest, plaintively, "how rarely one meets these old full-bodied clarets nowadays! The free admission of French wines has corrupted taste and impaired palate. Our cheap Gladstones have come upon us like universal suffrage."

"The masses, however, benefit," remarked Miller.

"Only in the first moment of acquisition, and in the novelty of the gain," continued Father Luke, "and then they suffer irreparably in the loss of that old guidance, which once directed appreciation when there was something to appreciate."

"We want the priest again, in fact," broke in Gorman.

"You must admit they understand wine to perfection, though I would humbly hope, young gentleman," said the father, modestly, "to engage your good opinion of them on higher grounds."

"Give yourself no trouble in the matter, Father Luke," broke in Miss Betty. "Gorman's Austrian lessons have placed him beyond *your* teaching."

"My dear aunt, you are giving the imperial government a credit it never deserved. They taught me as a cadet to groom my horse and pipe-clay my uniform, to be respectful to my corporal, and to keep my thumb on the seam of my trowsers when the captain's eye was on me; but as to what passed inside my mind, if I had a mind at all, or what I thought of pope, kaiser, or cardinal, they no more cared to know it than the name of my sweetheart."

"What a blessing to that benighted country would be one liberal statesman!" exclaimed Miller; "one man of the mind and capacity of our present premier!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Gorman. "We have confusion enough, without the reflection of being governed by what you call here 'healing measures.'"

"I should like to discuss that point with you," said Miller.

"Not now, I beg," interposed Miss O'Shea. "Gorman, will you decant another bottle?"

"I believe I ought to protest against more wine," said the priest, in his most insinuating voice; "but there are occasions where the yielding to temptation conveys a moral lesson."

"I suspect that I cultivate my nature a good deal in that fashion," said Gorman, as he opened a fresh bottle.

"This is perfectly delicious," said Miller, as he sipped his glass; "and if I could venture to presume so far I would ask leave to propose a toast."

"You have my permission, Sir," said Miss Betty, with stateliness.

"I drink, then," said he, reverently—"I drink to the long life, the good health, and the unbroken courage of the Holy Father."

There was something peculiarly sly in the twinkle of the priest's black eye as he filled his bumper, and a twitching motion of the corner of his mouth continued even as he said, "To the Pope."

"The Pope," cried Gorman, as he eyed his wine—

"'Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt.'"

"What are you muttering there?" asked his aunt, fiercely.

"The line of an old song, aunt, that tells us how his Holiness has a jolly time of it."

"I fear me it must have been written in other days," said Father Luke.

"There is no intention to desert or abandon him, I assure you," said Miller, addressing him in a low but eager tone. "I could never—no Irishman could ally himself to an administration which should sacrifice the Holy See. With the bigotry that prevails in England, the question requires most delicate handling; and even a pledge can not be given except in language so vague and unprecise as to admit of many readings."

"Why not bring in a bill to give him a subsidy, a something per annum, or a round sum down?" cried Gorman.

"Mr. Miller has just shown us that Exeter Hall might become dangerous. English intolerance is not a thing to be rashly aroused."

"If I had to deal with him, I'd do as Bright proposed with your landlords here. I'd buy him out, give him a handsome sum for his interest, and let him go."

"And how would you deal with the Church, Sir?" asked the priest.

"I have not thought of that; but, I suppose, one might put it into commission, as they say, or manage it by a board, with a first lord, like the Admiralty."

"I will give you some tea, gentlemen, when you appear in the drawing-room," said Miss Betty, rising with dignity, as though her condescension in sitting so long with the party had been ill rewarded by her nephew's sentiments.

The priest, however, offered his arm, and the others followed as he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN EARLY GALLOP.

MAURICE KEARNEY had risen early, an unusual thing with him of late; but he had some intention of showing his guest Mr. Walpole over the farm after breakfast, and was anxious to give some preliminary orders to have every thing "ship-shape" for the inspection.

To make a very disorderly and much neglected Irish farm assume an air of discipline, regularity, and neatness at a moment's notice, was pretty much such an exploit as it would have been to muster an Indian tribe, and pass them before some Prussian martinet as a regiment of Guards.

To make the ill-fenced and misshapen fields seem trim paddocks, wavering and serpentining furrows appear straight and regular lines of tillage, weed-grown fields look marvels of cleanliness and care, while the lounging and ragged population were to be passed off as a thriving and industrious peasantry, well paid and contented, were difficulties that Mr. Kearney did not propose to confront. Indeed, to do him justice, he thought there was a good deal of pedantic and "model-farming humbug" about all that English passion for neatness he had read of in public journals; and as our fathers—better gentlemen, as he called them, and more hospitable fellows than any of us—had got on without steam mowing and threshing, and bone-crushing, he thought we might farm our properties without being either blacksmiths or stokers.

"God help us!" he would say. "I suppose we'll be chewing our food by steam one of these days, and filling our stomachs by hydraulic pressure. But for my own part, I like something to work for me that I can swear at when it goes wrong. There's little use in cursing a cylinder."

To have heard him among his laborers that morning it was plain to see that they were not in the category of machinery. On one pretext or another, however, they had slunk away one by one, so that at last he found himself storming alone in a stubble-field, with no other companion than one of Kate's terriers. The sharp barking of this dog aroused him in the midst of his imprecations, and looking over the dry-stone wall that inclosed the field, he saw a horseman coming along at a sharp canter, and taking the fences as they came, like a man in a hunting-field. He rode well, and was mounted upon a strong wiry hackney—a cross-bred horse, and of little money value, but one of those active cats of horseflesh that a knowing hand can appreciate. Now, little as Kearney liked the liberty of a man riding over his ditches and his turnips when out of hunting season, his old love of good horsemanship made him watch the rider with interest and even pleasure. "May I never!" muttered he to himself, "if he's not coming at this wall." And as the inclosure in question was built of large jagged stones, without mortar, and fully four feet in height, the upper course being formed of a sort of coping in which the stones stood edgewise, the attempt did look somewhat rash. Not taking the wall where it was slightly breached, and where some loose stones had fallen, the rider rode boldly at one of the highest portions, but where the ground was good on either side.

"He knows what he's at!" muttered Kearney, as the horse came bounding over and alighted in perfect safety in the field.

"Well done! whoever you are," cried Kearney, delighted, as the rider removed his hat and turned round to salute him.

"And don't you know me, Sir?" asked he.

"Faith I do not," replied Kearney; "but somehow I think I know the chestnut. To be sure I do. There's the old mark on her knee, how ever she found the man who could throw her down. Isn't she Miss O'Shea's Kattoo?"

"That she is, Sir, and I'm her nephew."

"Are you?" said Kearney, dryly.

The young fellow was so terribly pulled up by the unexpected repulse—more marked even by the look than the words of the other, that he sat unable to utter a syllable. "I had hoped, Sir," said he at last, "that I had not outgrown your recollection, as I can promise none of your former kindness to me has outgrown mine."

"But it took you three weeks to recall it, all the same," said Kearney.

"It is true, Sir, I am very nearly so long here; but my aunt, whose guest I am, told me I must be called on first; that—I'm sure I can't say for whose benefit it was supposed to be—I should not make the first visit:—in fact, there was some rule about the matter, and that I must not contravene it. And although I yielded with a very bad grace, I was in a measure under orders, and dared not resist."

"She told you, of course, that we were not on our old terms; that there was a coldness between the families, and we had seen nothing of each other lately?"

"Not a word of it, Sir."

"Nor of any reason why you should not come here as of old?"

"None, on my honor; beyond this piece of stupid etiquette, I never heard of any thing like a reason."

"I am all the better pleased with my old neighbor," said Kearney, in his more genial tone. "Not, indeed, that I ought ever to have distrusted her, but for all that— Well, never mind," muttered he, as though debating the question with himself, and unable to decide it, "you are here now—eh! You are here now."

"You almost make me suspect, Sir, that I ought not to be here now."

"At all events, if you were waiting for me you wouldn't be here. Is not that true, young gentleman?"

"Quite true, Sir, but not impossible to explain." And he now flung himself to the ground, and, with the rein over his arm, came up to Kearney's side. "I suppose, but for an accident, I should have gone on waiting for that visit you had no intention to make me, and canvassing with myself how long you were taking to make up your mind to call on me, when I heard only last night that some noted rebel—I'll remember his name in a minute or two—was seen in the neighborhood, and that the police were on his track with a warrant, and even intended to search for him here."

"In my house—in Kilgobbin Castle?"

"Yes, here in your house, where, from a sure information, he had been harbored for some days. This fellow—a head-centre or leader, with a large sum on his head—has, they say, got away; but the hope of finding some papers, some clew to him here, will certainly lead them to search the Castle, and I thought I'd come over and apprise you of it at all events, lest the surprise should prove too much for your temper."

"Do they forget I'm in the commission of the peace?" said Kearney, in a voice trembling with passion.

"You know far better than me how far party spirit tempers life in this country, and are better able to say whether some private intention to insult is couched under this attempt."

"That's true," cried the old man, ever ready to regard himself as the object of some secret malevolence. "You can not remember this rebel's name, can you?"

"It was Daniel something—that's all I know."

A long, fine whisfle was Kearney's rejoinder, and after a second or two he said: "I can trust you, Gorman; and I may tell you they may be not so great fools as I took them for. Not that I was harboring the fellow, mind you; but there came a college friend of Dick's here a few days back—a clever fellow he was, and knew Ireland well—and we called him Mr. Daniel, and it was but yesterday he left us and did not return. I have a notion now he was the head-centre they're looking for."

"Do you know if he has left any baggage or papers behind him?"

"I know nothing about this whatever, nor do I know how far Dick was in his secret."

"You will be cool and collected, I am sure, Sir, when they come here with the search-warrant. You'll not give them even the passing triumph of seeing that you are annoyed or offended?"

"That I will, my lad. I'm prepared now, and I'll take them as easy as if it was a morning call. Come in and have your breakfast with us, and say nothing about what we've been talking over."

"Many thanks, Sir, but I think—indeed, I feel sure—I ought to go back at once. I have come here without my aunt's knowledge; and now that I have seen you and put you on your guard, I ought to get back as fast as I can."

"So you shall when you feed your beast and take something yourself. Poor old Kattoo isn't used to this sort of cross-country work, and she's panting there badly enough. That mare is twenty-one years of age."

"She's fresh on her legs—not a curb nor a spavin, nor even a wind-gall about her," said the young man.

"And the reward for it all is to be ridden like a steeple-chaser!" sighed old Kearney. "Isn't that the world over? Break down early, and you are a good-for-nothing. Carry on your spirit and your pluck and your endurance to a green old age, and maybe they won't take it out of you!—always contrasting you, however, with yourself long ago, and telling the by-standers what a rare beast you were in your good days. Do you think they had dared to pass this insult upon *me* when I was five-and-twenty or thirty? Do you think there's a man in the county would have come on this errand to search Kilgobbin when I was a young man, Mr. O'Shea?"

"I think you can afford to treat it with the contempt you have determined to show it."

"That's all very fine now," said Kearney; "but there was a time I'd rather have chucked the chief constable out of the window and sent the sergeant after him."

"I don't know whether that would have been better," said Gorman, with a faint smile.

"Neither do I; but I know that I myself would have felt better and easier in my mind after it. I'd have eaten my breakfast with a good appetite, and gone about my day's work, whatever it was, with a free heart and fearless in my conscience! Ay, ay," muttered he to himself, "poor old Ireland isn't what it used to be!"

"I'm very sorry, Sir; but though I'd like immensely to go back with you, don't you think I ought to return home?"

"I don't think any thing of the sort. Your aunt and I had a tiff the last time we met, and that was some months ago. We're both of us old and cross-grained enough to keep up the grudge for the rest of our lives. Let us, then, make the most of the accident that has led you here, and when you go home you shall be the bearer of the most submissive message I can invent to my old friend, and there shall be no terms too humble for me to ask her pardon."

"That's enough, Sir. I'll breakfast here."

"Of course you'll say nothing of what brought you over here. But I ought to warn you not to drop any thing carelessly about politics in the county generally, for we have a young relative and a private secretary of the Lord Lieutenant's visiting us, and it's as well to be cautious before him."

The old man mentioned this circumstance in the cursory tone of an ordinary remark, but he could not conceal the pride he felt in the rank and condition of his guest. As for Gorman, perhaps it was his foreign breeding, perhaps his ignorance of all home matters generally, but he simply assented to the force of the caution, and paid no other attention to the incident.

"His name is Walpole, and he is related to half the peerage," said the old man, with some irritation of manner.

A mere nod acknowledged the information, and he went on:

"This was the young fellow who was with Kitty on the night they attacked the Castle, and he got both bones of his fore-arm smashed with a shot."

"An ugly wound," was the only rejoinder.

"So it was, and for a while they thought he'd lose the arm. Kitty says he behaved beautifully, cool and steady all through."

Another nod, but this time Gorman's lips were firmly compressed.

"There's no denying it," said the old man, with a touch of sadness in his voice—"there's no denying it, the English have courage; though," added he, afterward, "it's in a cold, sluggish way of their own, which we don't like here. There he is now, that young fellow that has just parted from the two girls. The tall one is my niece. I must present you to her."

CHAPTER XL.

OLD MEMORIES.

Though both Kate Kearney and young O'Shea had greatly outgrown each other's recollection, there were still traits of feature remaining, and certain tones of voice, by which they were carried back to old times and old associations.

Among the strange situations in life, there are few stranger, or, in certain respects, more painful, than the meeting after long absence of those who, when they had parted years before, were on terms of closest intimacy, and who now see each other changed by time, with altered habits and manners, and impressed in a variety of ways with influences and associations which impart their own stamp on character.

It is very difficult at such moments to remember how far we ourselves have changed in the interval, and how much of what we regard as altered in another may not simply be the new stand-point from which we are looking, and thus our friend may be graver, or sadder, or more thoughtful, or, as it may happen, seem less reflective and less considerative than we have thought him—all because the world has been meantime dealing with ourselves in such wise that qualities we once cared for have lost much of their value, and others that we had deemed of slight account have grown into importance with us.

Most of us know the painful disappointment of revisiting scenes which had impressed us strongly in early life: how the mountain we regarded with a wondering admiration had become a mere hill, and the romantic tarn a pool of sluggish water; and some of this same awakening pursues us in our renewal of old intimacies, and we find ourselves continually warring with our recollections.

Besides this, there is another source of uneasiness that presses unceasingly. It is in imputing every change we discover, or think we discover in our friend, to some unknown influences that have asserted their power over him in our absence, and thus when we find that our arguments have lost their old force, and our persuasions can be stoutly resisted, we begin to think that some other must have usurped our place, and that there is treason in the heart we had deemed to be loyally our own.

How far Kate and Gorman suffered under these irritations I do not stop to inquire, but certain it is that all their renewed intercourse was little other than snappish reminders of unfavorable change in each, and assurances more frank than flattering that they had not improved in the interval.

"How well I know every tree and alley of this old garden!" said he, as they strolled along one of the walks in advance of the others. "Nothing is changed here but the people."

"And do you think we are?" asked she, quietly.

"I should think I do! Not so much for your father, perhaps. I suppose men of his time of life change little, if at all; but you are as ceremonious as if I had been introduced to you this morning."

"You addressed me so deferentially as Miss Kearney, and with such an assuring little intimation that you were not either very certain of *that*, that I should have been very courageous indeed to remind you that I once was Kate."

"No, not Kate—Kitty," rejoined he, quickly.

"Oh yes, perhaps, when you were young, but we grew out of that."

"Did we? And when?"

"When we gave up climbing cherry-trees, and ceased to pull each other's hair when we were angry."

"Oh dear!" said he, drearily, as his head sunk heavily.

"You seem to sigh over those blissful times, Mr. O'Shea," said she, "as if they were terribly to be regretted."

"So they are. So I feel them."

"I never knew before that quarreling left such pleasant associations."

"My memory is good enough to remember times when we were not quarreling—when I used to think you were nearer an angel than a human creature—ay, when I have had the boldness to tell you so."

"You don't mean *that?*"

"I do mean it, and I should like to know why I should not mean it?"

"For a great many reasons—one among the number, that it would have been highly indiscreet to turn a poor child's head with a stupid flattery."

"But were you a child? If I'm right, you were not very far from fifteen at the time I speak of."

"How shocking that you should remember a young lady's age!"

"That is not the point at all," said he, as though she had been endeavoring to introduce another issue.

"And what is the point, pray?" asked she, haughtily.

"Well, it is this—how many have uttered what you call stupid flatteries since that time, and how have they been taken?"

"Is this a question?" asked she. "I mean, a question seeking to be answered?"

"I hope so."

"Assuredly, then, Mr. O'Shea, however time has been dealing with *me*, it has contrived to take marvelous liberties with *you* since we met. Do you not know, Sir, that this is a speech you would not have uttered long ago for worlds?"

"If I have forgotten myself as well as you," said he, with deep humility, "I very humbly crave pardon. Not but there were days," added he, "when my mistake, if I made one, would have been forgiven without my asking."

"There's a slight touch of presumption, Sir, in telling me what a wonderful person I used to think you long ago."

"So you did!" cried he, eagerly. "In return for the homage I laid at your feet—as honest an adoration as ever a heart beat with, you condescended to let me build my ambitions before you, and I must own you made the edifice very dear to me."

"To be sure, I do remember it all, and I used to play or sing, 'Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter,' and take your word that you were going to be a Lancer—

In file arrayed,
With helm and blade,
And plume in the gay wind dancing.

I'm certain my cousin would be charmed to see you in all your bravery."

"Your cousin will not speak to me, for being an Austrian."

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes; she said it at breakfast."

"That denunciation does not sound very dangerously; is it not worth your while to struggle against a misconception?"

"I have had such luck in my present attempt as should scarcely raise my courage."

"You are too ingenious by far for me, Mr. O'Shea," said she, carelessly. "I neither remember so well as you, nor have I that nice subtlety in detecting all the lapses each of us has made since long ago. Try, however, if you can not get on better with Mademoiselle Kostalergi, where there are no antecedents to disturb you."

"I will; that is, if she let me."

"I trust she may, and not the less willingly, perhaps, as she evidently will not speak to Mr. Walpole."

"Ah, indeed, and is *he* here?" He stopped and hesitated; and the full, bold look she gave him did not lessen his embarrassment.

"Well, Sir," asked she, "go on: is this another reminiscence?"

"No, Miss Kearney; I was only thinking of asking you who this Mr. Walpole was."

"Mr. Cecil Walpole is a nephew or a something to the Lord Lieutenant, whose private secretary he is. He is very clever, very amusing—sings, draws, rides, and laughs at the Irish to perfection. I hope you mean to like him."

"Do you?"

"Of course, or I should not have bespoken your sympathy. My cousin used to like him, but somehow he has fallen out of favor with her."

"Was he absent some time?" asked he, with a half-cunning manner.

"Yes, I believe there was something of that in it. He was not here for a considerable time, and when we saw him again we almost owned we were disappointed. Papa is calling me from the window, pray excuse me for a moment." She left him as she spoke, and ran rapidly back to the house, whence she returned almost immediately. "It was to ask you to stop and dine here, Mr. O'Shea," said she. "There will be ample time to send back to Miss O'Shea; and if you care to have your dinner-dress, they can send it."

"This is Mr. Kearney's invitation?" asked he.

"Of course; papa is the master at Kilgobbin."

"But will Miss Kearney condescend to say that it is hers also?"

"Certainly, though I'm not aware what solemnity the engagement gains by my co-operation."

"I accept at once, and if you allow me I'll go back and send a line to my aunt to say so."

"Don't you remember Mr. O'Shea, Dick?" asked she, as her brother lounged up, making his first appearance that day.

"I'd never have known you," said he, surveying him from head to foot, without, however, any mark of cordiality in the recognition.

"All find me a good deal changed!" said the young fellow, drawing himself to his full height, and with an air that seemed to say—"and none the worse for it."

"I used to fancy I was more than your match," rejoined Dick, smiling. "I suspect it's a mistake I'm little likely to incur again."

"Don't, Dick, for he has got a very ugly way of ridding people of their illusions," said Kate, as she turned once more and walked rapidly toward the house.

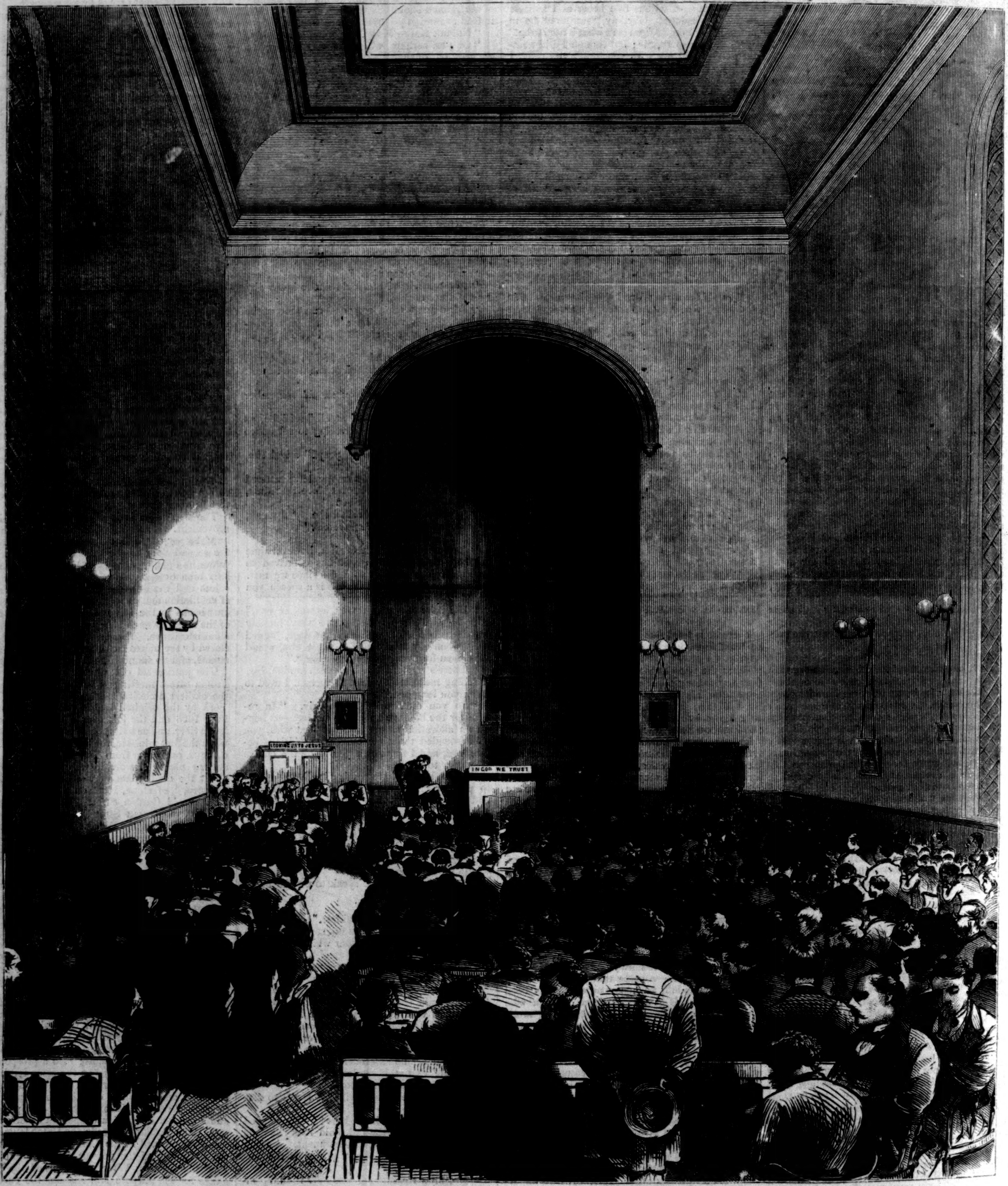
THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

The new chapel for the Fulton Street daily noon prayer-meeting, of which our artist has given an interior view, was opened January 23, 1871, in the fourteenth year of the "meeting." It is a central interior room in the new Consistory building of the Collegiate Reformed [Dutch] Church. The old Consistory building, in which the prayer-meeting originated, was taken down near the last of 1869, the prayer-meeting being transferred, meanwhile, to the old "North" Church adjoining—now the southernmost, by a mile, of all the Dutch, or rather "Reformed Protestant" churches in the city. The present Consistory building was completed in the summer of 1870, and is a handsome modern structure of five stories, of Dorchester stone, extending through from Fulton to Ann street, with a forty-feet front on each street.

The new room is in all respects a great improvement. It accommodates comfortably three hundred persons, and, extending as it does from the second floor of the building to the roof, it draws its light straight from heaven, and has a lofty area overhead for the reverberation of its voices and the diffusion of exhalations. Want of ventilation and of room for sound were trying drawbacks in the original situation. The din of the street on each side was an almost intolerable disturbance. The new room is completely inclosed by the offices fronting on Fulton and Ann streets, and no sound from the street intrudes.

The patriarchal old Church with which the Fulton Street meeting is locally connected was the earliest ecclesiastical body formed in New York by the original Dutch settlers. It dates from 1626 and the loft over a horse-mill as to its services, and as to its organization, from 1633, when the first minister, the Rev. Everardus Bogardus, came over from Holland. Its successive ancient places of worship were built—the first about the above date, of wood, near Old Slip; the second, of stone, 1642, on the Battery; the third in old Garden Street, 1692; the fourth, in 1729, in Nassau Street, corner of Liberty, eventually called the Middle Church, and now used as the Post-office; the fifth, the sole survivor, at present "North" Church, on William (then "Horse-and-Cart Lane"), Ann, and Fulton streets, built in 1769; the sixth, the Garden Street church, rebuilt of stone in 1807, and styled the South Church, finally destroyed in the great fire of 1835. The principal modern places of worship owned and occupied by the same society are on Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, and on Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. In addition to these churches, this wealthy close corporation—rivaling Trinity in the resources which have accrued from the appreciation of its real estate by the growth of the city—has aided in establishing some of the other Reformed churches (as they now call themselves) of the city, and maintains its ancient parochial school, now flourishing in Twenty-ninth Street, with two or three hundred pupils; also a prosperous mission church and pastor on the same locality; the Knox Memorial Mission Church and pastor (German and English), on Ninth Avenue; the Seventh Avenue Mission Church and pastor; and a number of mission chapels in other quarters. The regular service in the Dutch language was discontinued in the Collegiate churches in the beginning of the present century; but the venerable Dr. De Witt, who learned the language for the purpose, still sustains the custom by an occasional sermon in the Holland tongue, and it is also kept up regularly by a minister from Holland in the lecture-rooms of the Fourth Street Church, and of the Twenty-ninth Street Mission.

So much for the good old Knickerbocker institution on whose premises the Fulton Street meeting was born. Early in the memorable year of commercial disaster, 1857, a committee had been appointed by the Consistory to devise measures for increasing the efficiency of the ministrations of the North Church to the spiritual wants of its neighborhood, and an appropriation was made for employing a missionary and for other expenses. Mr. Jeremiah C. Lanphier, then a business man, was selected for the work, upon



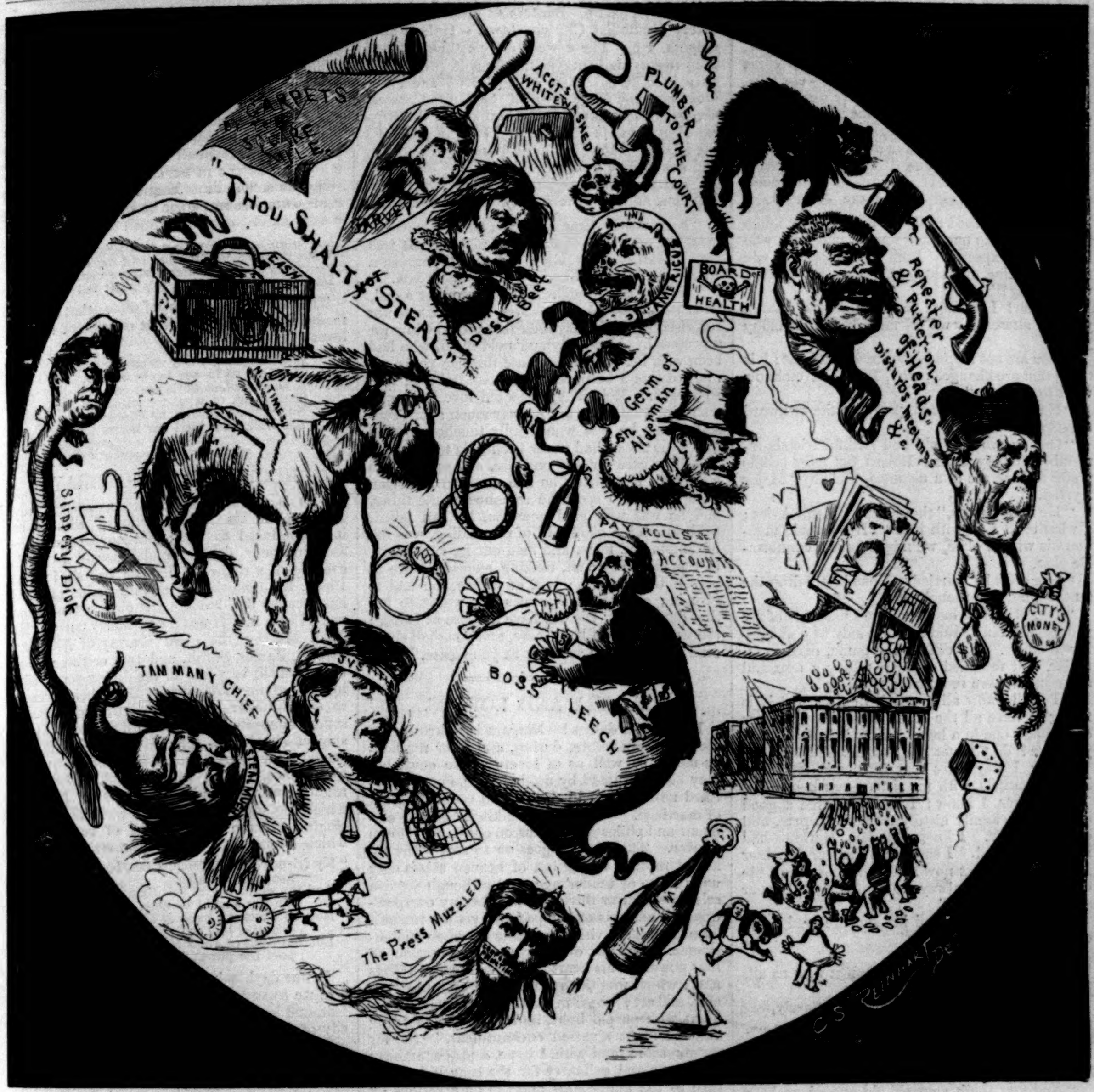
THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

which he entered on the 1st of July, 1857. One of Mr. Lanphier's peculiarities, which any one may notice to this day who frequents the neighborhood of his little study, adjoining the new prayer-meeting chapel, was a way he had of taking people aside and praying with them. This habit about the Consistory rooms in business hours not unnaturally led him to the idea of gathering a number of persons in from the street at once for the same purpose, taking advantage of the hour when mechanics, cartmen, etc., usually stop for dinner. To have submitted such a proposition to any body at that time would have been fatal to it. It was then alike unheard of, preposterous, and fanatical. Some sense of the hopelessness of obtaining any sanction for his queer notion constrained Mr. Lanphier to leave consultation out of the question, and try it on his own responsibility, to see what would come of it. Having obtained permission to use the committee-room in the third story, with an express stipulation that the Church should be in no way committed by or connected with the novel meeting, he got a handbill printed and circulated in the neighborhood, inviting a prayer-meeting at twelve o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, September 23, 1857.

No one save the waiting missionary was present. But at half past twelve one person came in. Before the close of the hour six were present. On the next Wednesday there were twenty persons in attendance, and on the third Wednesday twice as many. The spirit of the meeting was fervent. Enthusiasm in the novel movement began to rise. George P. Edgar (a young man of intensely ardent and impetuous temperament, who afterward started the John Street meeting and many other good movements) proposed that noon meetings be held daily, and the proposition was unanimously agreed to.

The meeting was now transferred to the lecture-room on the second floor, and grew apace. It soon overflowed its quarters, and branch meetings were extemporized daily in the rooms both above and below, all of them, and frequently the stairs and passages, being thronged. Similar meetings multiplied all over the city in the following winter and spring, and the daily newspapers were filled with stirring accounts of the unprecedented proceedings in such places as Burton's Theatre, Barnum's Museum, John Street Methodist Church, Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, etc. There were at one time not less than twenty daily prayer-meetings in progress at once in different parts of this city; and every other city and large town of the United States, almost without exception, and many in the British Provinces, in Europe, and even in Asia and the islands of the Pacific, sustained at least one, and generally a number, of these daily meetings. In Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, London, and we believe a few other cities which we can not name with certainty from memory, the daily prayer-meeting has survived, as in Fulton Street, New York, throughout the thirteen years that have since elapsed. In New York, Mr. Lanphier continued to act as its representative, its chorister, and the director of its simple necessary machinery, and so continues to act to this day, the committee of the Consistory, from a very early date, having taken the new institution under its patronage and general direction.

The peculiarities of the Fulton Street meeting are, in brief, as follows: business-like punctuality to the precise hour, between twelve and one o'clock; the liberty and custom of coming and going at all moments; the five-minute rule: the exclusion of controverted topics; a great use of congregational singing; and, above all, its "œcumenical" character as a place of actual resort for Christians from all parts of the globe, and of all shades of opinion in matters second to the one fact of salvation by Christ, and especially as a place of resort from all Christendom for the prayers of Christians in behalf of special objects of religious solicitude. Requests of this sort and representatives in person from Europe and more distant continents, as well as from every part of our own, are ordinary features of the meeting. It is, in fact, flooded and burdened with requests for prayer, and those very seldom trivial or egotistical, to a degree which usually taxes the address of the leader more than any other thing to obtain due attention for each one. A large number are from ministers and churches for revivals of religion. On the other hand, notices of the attainment of objects previously sought in prayer are constantly pouring in. The total of requests received since the institution of the meeting must be numbered by hundreds of thousands.



A DROP OF WATER UNDER THE PEOPLE'S MICROSCOPE.—POLITICAL ANIMALCULÆ.

HOW AUNT AVICE CHAPERONED HER NIECE.

"I say, look here, Aunt Avice! here's a pretty go!" said Hugh Wayland, bursting into the Mountfield drawing-room, where his aunt was reading by the fire, one winter afternoon.

"Oh, Aunt Avy! such a dreadful disappointment, I don't know what can be done!" said Ella Marlowe, Hugh's cousin, one of the daughters of the house, as she threw herself on the rug at her aunt's feet, her pretty face clouded with vexation, while Hugh leaned his shoulders on the mantel-piece, a picture of disgust.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Wayland, in a tone of sympathy rather than of alarm: she was used to Ella's terrible misfortunes.

"It is really dreadful this time," answered the girl; "only think! mamma says she can not go to the Downhurst ball, for old Aunt James is so ill, and won't do without her; and so we are not to go after all—and Hugh and Uncle George came on purpose!"

"It is all about a chaperon; such nonsense! as if Ella would do any thing she ought not. My father and I are going, and though he plays whist all night, I can take care of her. Lots of girls go about with their brothers, you know," urged Hugh, who was eighteen, and much younger and more scatterbrained than Ella at seventeen, while both were of an age to feel that a ball was a very serious and important matter.

"But then you are not really her brother, and I think she must have a more efficient chaperon than you could be at her first public ball," answered Miss Wayland.

"Well, if she must. I thought any old woman would do, but Aunt Frances says she will not let her go with any old woman. She has got her new dress and all her fallals, too; it is too bad!"

"We thought so much of this ball," said Ella; "it will be the last this winter, and I did want to go. Of course we should not mind so much if Aunt James were really ill, but I do not believe she is worse than usual, and it is always half fidget."

"Your mother would go if she could, I am sure, Ella; but I am very sorry for you both: it is a great pity," said Aunt Avice.

"It is more than a pity—it is a shame and a nuisance, and bother and bore, and the heaviest affliction that has befallen me since I lost my turquoise locket the same day that Pepper died!" said Ella.

"What crushes me is that Aunt Frances coolly told me I could go," said Hugh. "Just as though it would be any fun without Ella. It added a needless insult to our sorrows: she might as well have proposed to send my new dress-shirt without me in it."

"Well, then, Hugh, the little frills would command individual attention," said Ella, laughing. "Come along and have a romp with the children—it does our hard fate no good to lament over it; but I knew you would be sorry for us, Aunt Avy."

When the two victims had left the room, Miss Wayland did not take up her book again, but sat still a little, making up her mind. It was growing dusk, and only the fire lighted up her pretty little figure and small, delicately featured face. She was carefully and handsomely dressed in black silk, with a little bit of white lace twisted into the knot of carnation-colored ribbon in her hair. She was only six-and-thirty, and her light brown hair was abundant and fashionably dressed; but she always wore the white lace as becoming her years, while from time beyond Ella's memory carnation had been her favorite color. Her complexion and eyes were dark for the color of her hair, giving her rather a singular and piquant expression; and though she looked her age, it was not because her small, regular features were sharpened, or her face lined or faded, but from her quiet manner and the settled, patient look about her mouth. She was as pretty as she had ever been, for in her youth she had never been round, rosy, or blooming, and was too small to have commanded attention to a style of good looks that, if she had been three times magnified, would have made her a handsome woman. Since her father's death, Miss Wayland had lived with her widowed sister—a home that suited her better than Beaconhill, under the new *régime* of her brother's wife. If Mrs. Marlowe had been asked why her sister had never married, she would have said—"Oh, Avice was always devoted to papa, and was such a quiet little thing that one never thought of her marrying till it seemed too late. She had offers, though, and I think would have accepted Robert Ayrton, but he was only a lieutenant then, and papa did not fancy him, or like the idea of her going to India. She would have nothing to say to Sir Francis Kelmore, which was a pity, for he was nice enough, and Kelmore would have been a charming place for the girls to visit."

Miss Wayland's meditations were interrupted by her sister's entrance.

"Here you are, Avice! I have sent for our tea here, for I am tired, and there is such a noise in the school-room."

"Ella and Hugh have been here, to tell me about the ball."

"Ah, yes, poor children! I am sorry they should be so disappointed; but Mrs. Walker is certainly worse, and though I should not really neglect her, I find her feelings would be terribly hurt if I went to this ball."

Mrs. Walker was Mr. Marlowe's aunt; she lived in the village near Mountfield, and for a long time had claimed and received a daughter's care from her nephew's widow.

"Is there no one else to take Ella?" asked Miss Wayland.

"No one that I care to ask, and I do not like her to go with only George and Hugh. I am sorry she should be disappointed, but she is young enough to wait for another year."

"If you like, I will go with them."

"You, Avice!" and Mrs. Marlowe paused, astonished, while her memory took her back to balls long ago, at their old home, when little Avice was always sought after for her beautiful dancing. One particularly, when she was chaperoning her sister, during a visit to Beaconhill after her marriage, and she had been too much taken up with her husband and her old friends to notice how much Avice danced with Robert Ayrton, and their father had been vexed. Mr. Ayrton went to India not long after that, then their mother died, and their father fell into bad health.

"I will take great care of her, Frances."

Mrs. Marlowe came back from the past to answer her sister.

"Oh yes; but, really, I have not left off thinking that you require a chaperon yourself, Avice. It does not seem so long since I was scolded because of you and your doings."

"Why, Frances, it is more than thirteen years since I was at a ball! If I am to be useful in this way it is time I began, before I forget the customs of society; they have been modified a good deal as it is."

"But will you not dislike it, Avy? It is like putting you on the shelf at once, and I know it will bring back so much to you—"

"That need not trouble you now," said Avice, in her quiet voice; "it was so long ago. I am very glad to do it, Frances, and it will please the children; let me tell them."

Ella and Hugh were delighted, and warmly thanked Aunt Avice for her unexpected kindness; they waltzed about her and sang impromptus in her honor.

"Oh, Uncle George!" exclaimed Ella to Mr. Wayland, "here's a bit of fun! we are going to the Downhurst ball, after all; Aunt Avice is to take care of me, and Hugh is to take care of you, and it will be famous!"

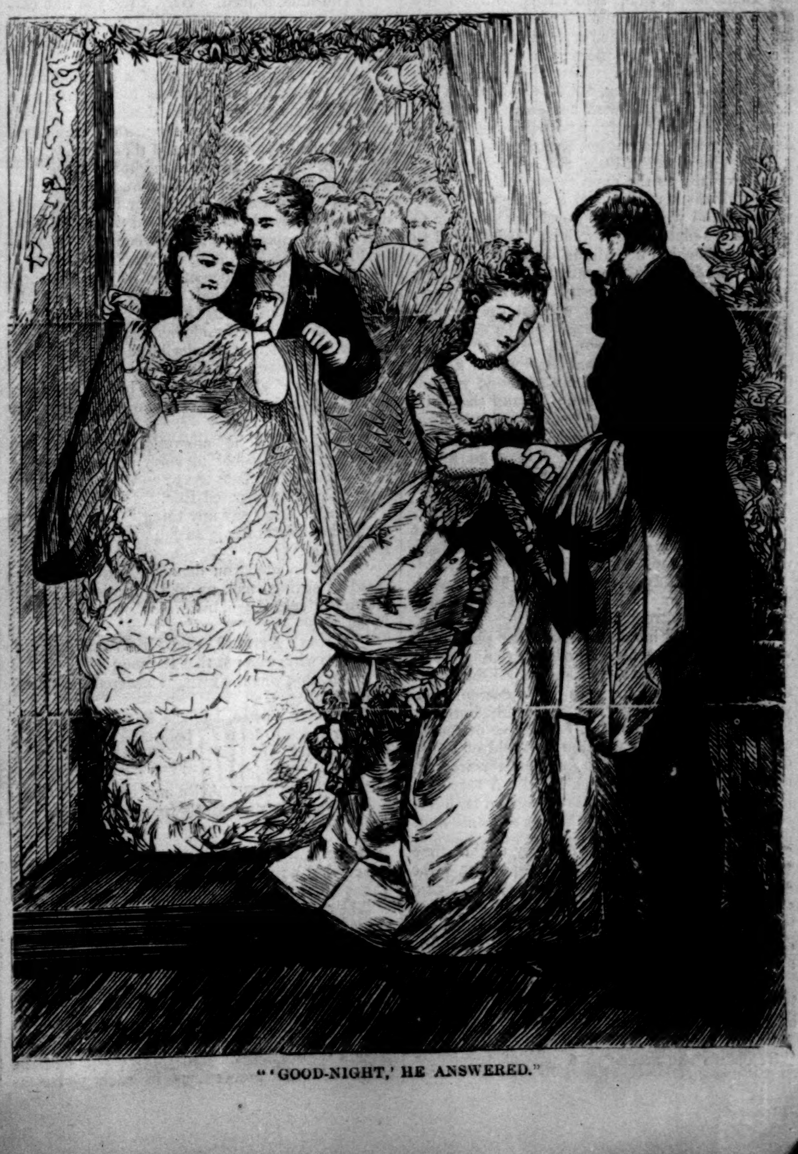
"Will it, indeed? and pray who takes care of Aunt Avice, Miss Ella? Play one of the old waltzes, please, Frances," and Mr. Wayland spun his sister round the room, and then gave Ella a turn; declaring, with what breath he had left, that the elder lady was incomparably the better partner. "She is lighter, quicker, and more finished in her style; you are never likely to equal her, young woman, with your bend and your sweep, and your twisted, overweighted head; though if you took care of your feet and forgot the rest of you, you might have a chance."

"What about your dress, Aunt Avice?" asked Ella. "Do not go in one of those eternal black silks!"

"I am going to have a new one: you shall see."

"Make yourself pretty, auntie," said Hugh; "I am very particular."

When the ball-night came, Hugh's particularity was chiefly expended on his own person and the little frills aforesaid. Ella was ready first, and duly exhibited her white tulle and rose-buds, with her fresh blooming face, to the household. The maids and the children were delighted, the boys scornful, while Fanny, the next in age to Ella, was very appreciative and rather wistful. Uncle George came next, bald, round, and com-



"'GOOD-NIGHT,' HE ANSWERED."

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fortable, with the largest camellia in the green-house in his button-hole; just like a market-gardener, his son said; when he too appeared, an exquisite design in black and white, but with a pucker of care on his smooth young face, occasioned by a difficulty he had met with in the arrangement of his own miniature bouquet. Then there was a cry for Aunt Avice. She had been a little shy about the family criticisms, and would show her dress to no one beforehand; she was sorry for this when the chorus began—

"Oh, Aunt Avy!"

"Upon my word, Avice!"

"It is lucky I could not go, Avice, or we should have missed this."

"In this style, two and ten: a most elegant article, madam!" said Hugh, with a shopman's flourish over his aunt.

"I did not expect to be quite so fine; I am afraid it is too like a fancy ball," said Miss Wayland, timidly, with an unwonted color on her clear brown cheek.

"Every one 'costumes' now; it is perfect," said Ella, encouragingly.

The dress began with a skirt of pale buff silk; the upper skirt was sprinkled with carnations on the same creamy ground; the bodice was edged with carnation ribbon; there was the usual knot of the same in her light wavy hair, but a small diamond spray replaced the white lace, and there was another sparkle on the red ribbon round her throat.

"It is the very model of a young chaperon," said Mrs. Marlowe. "I hope both you and Ella will make a successful *début*."

The ball was an annual one, for the benefit of the Downhurst Dispensary; it had great ladies for patronesses and baronets for stewards, and all the neighborhood went, as to a great social ceremony, independent of any interest in the dancing. Mr. Wayland insisted on going through the first quadrille with his sister, then found her a seat on the chaperons' benches, near some of her friends, and went off to his whist. Ella's card was soon well filled, and Hugh held several anxious consultations with his cousin as to the most judicious arrangement of his. Miss Wayland kept her card to serve as a programme of the music; the waltzes thrilled her a little; but when one or two of her old partners found her out, she would not dance, but sat chatting with her friends, watching the changing, rustling crowd, or thinking a little of old times, when her father and mother watched her, and George, and Frances. It did not seem so very long ago; but now it was for George's boy and Frances's girl, and it was she who looked on.

Presently Ella missed a dance and came to sit by her aunt.

"It is delicious, Aunt Avy; I do so like it! it would have been dreadful to have missed it! I wish you were dancing too."

"That is the sort of person I should have to dance with," said Miss Wayland, indicating a stout, red-faced man, standing in a sort of stupor near the door of the card-room. "Who is your next partner?"

"Hugh, and then a stranger. Mrs. Parvin introduced him, but I could not hear his name; he is quite medieval, but looks nice."

"Come along, Ella," said Hugh, with cousinly absence of ceremony; and the pair went off, looking, in their single-minded enjoyment, as pleasant a couple as any in the room; but this was Aunt Avice's partial opinion. After the dance, Hugh came back alone, saying, "Come and get an ice, Aunt Avice; Ella is with her partner, a highly respectable elderly party, who will take fatherly care of her if we do not get back in time."

They had to wait a little, and the vestibule became crowded as the dancers poured in. Miss Wayland was standing near a table, wedged in, when a hand was stretched over her shoulder to take an ice-plate from a waiter. It belonged to a tall man behind her whom she could not see; it was withdrawn in a moment, but she knew it well, though she had not seen it for thirteen years. She would have known it without the peculiar signet-ring, but with it there could be no doubt. It was a large hand, brown, and wide across the back, but with well-shaped fingers and a long thumb; a hand well used out-of-doors, yet not unfamiliar with tool and pen; a hand that thirteen years ago had clasped hers for a bitter farewell. "I must go," its owner had said, "there is no help for it, little Avice; I must go, and I can not say one hopeful word of meeting again, but surely we need not quite forget each other." And she had seen it again, Robert Ayrton's hand, and she dared not turn to see his face, for he must have forgotten, and she had begun to think she was forgetting too.

"Are you ready, Aunt Avice? Miss Fergus won't wait for any one, and I had no end of bother to work an introduction to her."

So Hugh took his aunt back to her place, and went off to find the favorite of the evening, while Miss Wayland waited—not long, for Ella's partner came to deposit her with her chaperon. He was the medieval party she had so flippantly alluded to; he was, perhaps, forty-three or four—a tall man with a complexion that told of India, dark hair beginning to turn gray and retract from the temples, and a large dark beard. A very fine-looking man, though a little too old to be interesting to a girl like Ella, for he was certainly middle-aged; he was altered in almost every line and feature, but he was Robert Ayrton, and Avice Wayland knew him instantly. She had had full five minutes for preparation, so the stately little lady who stepped forward to give him her hand was far more collected than he was; he stammered, he fairly blushed through his Indian brown, and could not conceal his astonishment.

"He is certainly married," she thought; "he is wondering how to tell me. He need not be afraid, and make such a spectacle of himself."

"How cool she is!" he thought, resentfully. "Of course she means to forget all that folly; most likely she has forgotten it; perhaps she is married: I think she must be!"

If she were married, he was, of course, an injured man, in that she had been able to console herself; so Major Ayrton, thinking he would make the most of it and plant a little thorn or two of reproach in her faithless bosom, took a melancholy tone as he answered her.

"I have only been a fortnight in England; thirteen years is not a lifetime, but it seems long enough for most of a man's friends to forget him."

"Surely not!"

"Yes; I came with the Carmichaels, and I find lots of people I used to know, looking very much the same, yet no one knew me but one man, who knew I was expected. I am very grateful to you for recognizing me, but perhaps you too knew I was coming?"

"Oh no! I did not; but I knew you, though you are altered, as we all must be, in so many years."

"You are not altered—not much, at least; it is times that are changed; why, I do not even know what to call you."

"Nor I you," she said, parrying the awkward question.

"One or two very old and faithful friends remember that my name is Robert, but most people prefer to keep me at a distance, and say 'Major Ayrton.'"

"He is very cross," thought poor Aunt Avice; "what shall I do with him? If he would mention his wife at once, we might have a comfortable chat."

"She must be married. I had better drop the sentimental," he thought.

"Oh, Miss Wayland! will you take care of my poor broken fan?" said a young lady who was going to dance. He caught the name, once so familiar, and mollified directly, taking a seat and assuming a more reasonable tone, saying,

"I shall know all about it in time, but it is trying to have all the changes of thirteen years come upon one in a heap. How is it that I find you here? do you not live at Beaconhill now?"

"No; I stay there very often, but my home is at Mountfield, with my sister—you know—"

"Yes, yes, I know; I have gathered a good deal of your family history from the papers, and chance friends. I knew that Mrs. Marlowe had lost her husband. I suppose it was her daughter I danced with just now? I remember the little creature you used always to be petting. Is your sister here to-night?"

"No, but George and his son are, and I am chaperoning Ella."

"You!"

"Yes; why not? Times change with us all, you see."

"But you are not—not qualified! Surely that young lady called you Miss Wayland?" he said, looking very blank.

"So I am," she answered, demurely, enjoying his surprise.

"And you think yourself old enough to be a duenna, and sit up here while I dance with yonr niece! Is that it? I never heard any thing so ridiculous! I can not stand it, however; come and dance this waltz with me."

She protested, but he would not listen.

"You must indeed. Why, I see you like carnations still, and you are as like one as ever. It is quite absurd to pretend you can not dance; come, Avice!"

This was hardly the tone of a married man, but if he had had three wives looking on in a row, she thought she would dance that dance; and so she did, in spite of Hugh's open-mouthed astonishment; and they found that wherever the weight of the thirteen years might lie, it was not dragging at their feet. He hovered about her all the rest of the evening, and they had two more dances and a world of talk, of old times and new, and the long space that lay between. He was introduced to Mr. Wayland, who had not previously known him, and the idea of the wife waxed fainter in Avice Wayland's mind. What she was thinking of she did not exactly know, except that Robert Ayrton was there beside her again, and, but for the beard and Ella's wondering face, the thirteen years might have been a dream.

"Good-by," she said at the ball-room door, trying not to show how sorry she was that it was over.

"Good-*night*," he answered, smiling down upon her, and not looking sorry in the least.

"What is it, Aunt Avy? What have you been doing?" whispered Ella.

"Hush! don't say any thing," said her aunt, giving her a sort of hug, as she wrapped her cloak around her.

"I am so glad you danced, Aunt Avice, instead of sitting stuck up like a beetle on a wall all night," said Hugh, benevolently, as they drove home.

"Ayrton? Ayrton?" said Mr. Wayland, musingly; "why, was not that the man—"

"Yes, that was the man," answered his sister, quite sharply.

He said no more, but she heard him whistle once or twice to himself, before he went to sleep in his corner.

"Well, did Aunt Avice make a good chaperon?" asked Mrs. Marlowe, next day, at the breakfast that had managed to run into luncheon.

"Oh, famous! never bothered a bit, and staid ever so late," said Hugh; but Ella blushed scarlet, and Aunt Avice looked terribly uncomfortable.

Mrs. Marlowe feared that Ella had been in some way transgressing; but Mr. Wayland said, with twinkling eyes:

"You should have lent her your black velvet gown, Frances; that carnation affair was far too killing for a chaperon."

Mrs. Marlowe was a woman of tact and prudence, so she dropped the subject till she had her sister to herself.

"What has been the matter, Avice? I hope Ella is not getting fast?"

"Oh no! It is not Ella, it is all my fault; I am very sorry, but I have been so foolish!" and Miss Wayland told her sister all the story, much as if it were a guilty confession.

"And what do you mean to do?"

"There is nothing to do; I am not likely to see him again; and, Frances, you must stop George's teasing, for I am sure Ella guesses. Oh dear! I will never go to a ball again; there is actually a hole in my shoe, and I feel quite disgraced."

"Nonsense! How could you know you would meet the man that night, of all nights? It was very foolish of me to allow you to call yourself a chaperon. I wish I had gone and taken you."

The next day brought Major Ayrton for a call, twenty miles at least; and Mrs. Marlowe was not surprised when the day after that brought him for a proposal. Miss Wayland's old maid, who had been with her more than those thirteen years, remarked that a burnt stick was soon lighted; and so it was. Robert Ayrton's old love had quite won him back. He did not say much about constancy, for he was wonderfully touched to find that little Avice had never been able to persuade herself to care for any one else, and one or two efforts for matrimony he had made in the mean time seemed to spoil the romance of the thing, and he was very glad now that he had failed. Still she took a good deal of persuading, was full of doubts and fears, and held out for two hours, in the morning-room, making excuses, more to herself than to him; but, of course, she had to give in; and Major Ayrton's last words to her that day were, "We will have a house at Dover; there are plenty of balls there, and you shall chaperon your niece to as many as you please."

NIAGARA AND LOVERS.

Place aux dames! Niagara is a favorite resort of lovers before, during, and after the honey-moon, as well as of lovers whose courtship may be interrupted by unkind Fate, and predestined never to attain the blissful consummation of marriage. "And all mankind," as the eloquent and philosophic Emerson observes, "loves a lover. Though," he goes on to say, "the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although we can seldom see after thirty years a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrance. No man ever forgot the visitation of that power to his heart which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, and made the morning and the night a varied enchantment." So, for these reasons, and with, I hope, a proper amount of respect and gallantry for the beautiful sex, I turn to the autographs and the observations of lovers, whether they be gentlemen or ladies. Not that my readers will be very amply rewarded. No doubt the true lovers, the real ladies and gentlemen, have something better to do and to think of than to scrawl their names and their thoughts in public places for the relief of their own hearts, or for the after-amusement of strangers. Wise people, whether lovers or not, keep their private emotions sacred; but fools of both sexes love to babble and to scribble. The first lover thus records his experience:

> On Table Rock we did embrace,
> And then we stood both face to face;
> The moon was up, the wind was high,
> I looked at she, and she at I.

Language failed him after this effort, and he could say no more. The next gentleman must have had a difference with his lady-love. At all events, he eases his mind by the profound reflection:

> Great is the mystery of Niagara's waters,
> But more mysterious still are some men's daughters.

Another swain, deeply enamored, but more of a wag than a poet, writes from his heart, and with a daring rhyme:

> Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
> Is that of seeing Niagara.

A disconsolate one, jilted perhaps, or, it may be, divorced, records her sorrows in prose. "I have come," she says, "to Niagara too late. Five years ago I was a creature of enthusiasm, poetry, and devotion. Now I am feelingless, heartless, soulless. The once gushing fountains of youthful emotion have been broken up by the withering blast of adversity. The flowers of my life are blighted, and all is dull—all is tame. I laugh at Niagara! What care I for the thunder of its waters? Great God! how should I have enjoyed this sight once!" The signature to this outburst of disappointment is "Bit," to which some critic of the sterner sex has appended this comment, "Yes, bit with affectation!"

A happy lover enters what he perhaps thought a very original remark: "How lonely and desolate the life of man would be without woman!" To this a critic, who signs himself "Quip," appends the query, "What has woman to do with the Falls?" A third tourist, signing himself "Crank," replies, "If woman has not to do with the Falls, I should like to know who has. She made the first Fall herself." The next is evidently the production of a much later period in married life than the moon of honey:

> Once on a time, with naught to do at home,
> My wife and I determined we would roam;
> But to decide upon the route
> Admitted much domestic doubt.
> If I said east, she said 'twas best
> That we should travel to the west;
> So, after many arguments and brawls,
> She brought me nolens volens to the Falls.

The thunderous roar of the waters is so loud, when heard either from the Table Rock, or from the Tower on Goat Island, that silence, if not imposed by the majesty of the scene, is rendered necessary by the difficulty of making one's self heard above the din of waters. This fact, of course, does not escape the notice of the amiable cynics who like to make a harmless jest upon the ladies. One of them writes:

> Niagara, it has been sung,
> Can speak so loud without a tongue,
> You hear its voice a mile hence.
> But I a greater wonder know:
> A pretty woman who, although
> She has a tongue, keeps silence.

Socrates, who hints that he has no Xantippe of his own, declares what he would do if he were in such an unhappy condition:

> If I were annoyed with a termagant wife,
> Whose tongue was the bane of my every-day life,
> To try to get rid of her pestilent clatter,
> I'd live on the brink of this great fall of water.

The last quotation, out of scores that might be made, is the more creditable effusion of a happy lover:

> In after-years, when memory comes
> To cheer us in our happy homes,
> A voice amidst the social cheer
> Shall speak of what we witnessed here.
> No time, no change, no chance shall seve
> The links that bind our hearts forever.

HOOK AND THACKERAY.

I had often met Hook in society, says Planche, in his "Recollections," without being introduced to him; but our acquaintance and intimacy dated simultaneously from the evening of a dinner at Horace Twiss's, in Park Place, St. James's, the precise period of which has escaped me, but not the circumstances connected with it. It was a very merry party. Mr. John Murray (the great Murray of Albemarle Street), James Smith, and two or three others remained till very late in the dining-room, singing and giving imitations. Hook being pressed to sing another of his wonderful extemporary songs, consented, with a declaration that the subject should be John Murray. Murray objected vehemently, and a ludicrous contention took place, during which Hook dodged him round the table, placing chairs in his path, which was sufficiently devious without them, and singing all the while a sort of recitative, of which I remember only the commencement:

> "My friend John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
> And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray should be able.
> He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and not a bad one at a lunch;
> But the devil of John Murray is that he never will pass the punch."

It was daybreak—broad daylight, in fact—before we separated. I had given an imitation of Edmund Kean and Holland in Mathurin's tragedy of "Bertram," which had amused Hook; and as we were getting our hats he asked me where I lived. On my answering, "At Brompton," he said, "Brompton! why, that's in my way home—I live at Fulham. Jump into my cabriolet, and I'll set you down." The sun of a fine summer morning was rising as we passed Hyde Park Corner. "I have been very ill," said Hook, "for some time, and my doctors told me never to be out-of-doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at four o'clock every afternoon, dine at 'Crockford's,' or wherever I may be invited, and never go home till this time in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months." From that day to the latest of his life Hook's attachment to me was so remarkable that, knowing his irresistible passion for hoaxing and practical jokes of all descriptions, I was at first a little alarmed occasionally at the peculiar and marked attention he paid to me, accompanied as it was by a respect which, from one of his age and celebrity, was as singular as—if sincere—it was flattering. That it *was* sincere I had many gratifying proofs, some of which I still treasure, in his handwriting. His fame as an *improvisatore* is a matter of social history; but I can not refrain from giving one instance of his powers, which is as creditable to his heart as his head. There had been a large party at the house of some mutual friends of ours and Hook's neighbors at Fulham. It was late, but many still remained, and before separating another song was requested of him. He was weary, and really suffering, but good-naturedly consented on condition that somebody would suggest a subject. No one volunteering, he said, "Well, I think the most proper subject at this hour would be 'Good-night.'" And accordingly he sat down to the piano, and sang several verses, each ending with "Good-night," composed with his usual facility, but lacking the fun and brilliancy which had characterized his former effusions. Some oddity of expression, however, in the middle of one of his verses elicited a ringing laugh from a fine handsome boy, son of Captain the Hon. Montague Stopford, who was staying with his parents in the house, and who had planted himself close to the piano. Hook stopped short, looked at him admiringly for an instant, then, completing the verse, added with an intensity of expression I can never forget,

> "You laugh, and you are quite right,
> For yours is the dawn of the morning,
> And God send you a good-night!"

The effect was electrical, and brought tears into the eyes of more than one of the company, while cheer upon cheer arose in recognition of that charming and touching burst of feeling.

My acquaintance with Thackeray commenced some time before he joined "The Garrick," and while I was the guest of his cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, during one of my many visits to Paris. He was at that time a slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature. Drawing appeared to be his favorite amusement, and he often sat by my side while I was reading or writing, covering any scrap of paper lying about with the most spirited sketches and amusing caricatures. I have one of Charles IX. firing at the Huguenots out of the windows of the Louvre, which he dashed off in a few minutes beside me on the blank portion of the yellow paper cover of a French drama. A member of "The Garrick" who was specially unpopular with the majority of the members was literally *drawn* out of the club by Thackeray. His figure, being very peculiar, was sketched in pen and ink by his implacable persecutor. On every pad on the writing-tables, or whatever paper he could venture to appropriate, he represented him in the most ridiculous and derogatory situation that could be imagined, always with his back toward you, but unmistakable. His victim, it must be admitted, bore this desecration of his "lively effigies" with great equanimity for a considerable period; but at length one very strong—perhaps too strong—example of the artist's graphic and satirical abilities, combined with the conviction that he was generally objectionable, induced him to retire from the club, and leave the pungent pen of Michael Angelo Titmarsh to punish more serious offenders than bores and toadies.

LOVE'S WORSHIP.

THEY tell me that thou art not such
 As I have always thought;
That I have worshiped thee too much,
 Not judged thee as I ought;
That love is blind, and can not see
Specks in the sun or fault in thee.

They said that many bend the knee
 To idols falsely bright,
And so I might adore in thee
 A spirit not of light;
That reason's scale alone could show
What all my love could never know;

That I must nothing hold as true
 Until its truth was proved,
And give examination due
 And doubt before I loved,
And after that continue still
To think that good might yet be ill.

But doubt expireth in the birth
 Where faith hath once been given,
Whether of thee I love on earth,
 Or Him who reigns in heaven:
'Tis not a lover who can dare
To question where he offers prayer.

No! I will look on thee alone,
 Although it make me blind,
Not on the shadow that is thrown
 Upon a baser mind;
For earthly waters troubled are,
And break in pieces every star.

EVE.

I.

"COME back to me! come back to me, Eve, my Eve!"

Oh, vain cry of my life! Yet again and again the words fall from my lips, finding their echo in my inmost soul.

* * * * * *

Lying at full length on the soft gray sands of the lovely Kentish coast, with an old worn fishing smack serving for protection from the broad noonday glare and the fervency of an August sun; with tired lazy eyes, that, half shut, winked and blinked as through their lashes they watched the languid and monotonous flapping of a white sail, that shone silvery under the golden beams many a mile out on the deep blue main—neither sleeping, nor dreaming, nor thinking, but simply enjoying the luxury of sheer idleness and perfect repose to fullest bent; then suddenly awakening from my state of conscious coma to the sound of voices issuing from the other side of the tiny bark that shaded me from the fiery eyes of the sun-god, and from human sight as well.

"Eve, wake up, child! This is one of your queer days, assuredly."

And the tones, which were a woman's, betokened a certain decision of character in the speaker, in spite of a kindliness that pervaded the accents as they fell on the quiet air.

"Dreaming, Eve! always dreaming the hours away! What in the world can you find to dream about?"

"Oh, hush, Helen! Can you ask?" And a strange attraction for me rose up suddenly in my breast in that low, full, and most melodious voice. It seemed to thrill me through and through. I held my breath, and listened with strained ear for the voice to come again.

"Helen, do you never feel, in such a scene as this, a sort of lifting up, as it were, from the dull earth, as though every thing around you was calm, and at peace and rest, and your own soul, rid for a while of mortal coils, was free to soar up, up into regions as delicious, as beautiful—"

And the enthusiastic tones paused, as if at a loss for a fit simile wherewith to describe the bright Elysium of her fertile and fervid imagination.

"As yourself!" laughed her companion. And her prosaic and commonplace reply evidently dispersed to the four winds of heaven Eve's romantic visions, for she too rang out a peal of sweet childish merriment.

Her voice had had a wondrous charm for me, but with the silver laugh on my ears indolence vanished at once, and I resisted no longer the prompting of inclination; so, lifting my head up from its sandy pillow, I took a furtive survey of my neighbors, and looked for the first time on my *Fate*.

Let me jot down her lineaments from memory. Methinks no skillful brush and palette could delineate them more faithfully.

A broad straw hat shaded the low white brow and small oval face, that was enframed in sun-kissed hair falling in bright wreaths down to her very waist. Eyes of truest blue, with a pensive look in the pellucid pupils; straight, clear-defined brows, and marvelous lashes, and tiny features, with a pair of exquisitely cut lips, so fresh, so red, so smiling; but even as I gazed the laughter on them was suddenly hushed, and replaced by an expression of fear. Wringing her hands, she sprang hastily to her feet, and rushed to the edge of the beach, crying out,

"Helen, look! Harry is drowning!"

With a bound I reached the water, just in time to plunge in and seize with one strong arm a little white waif, with pallid face and clinging rings of golden hair, that the great salt waves were carrying off in triumph on their huge shoulders as a propitiatory offering to Neptune in his palace of coral.

Then, breathless, and dripping like a gigantic water-spaniel, I deposited my small burden safe in the girl's white outstretched arms, that closed on the restored treasure like a vise, while the true blue eyes shot a silent thanksgiving upward. Then they looked at me humidly, gratefully, while the pretty lips, from which all the bright scarlet had completely faded, quivered very piteously.

"My mother will bless you forever," she tried to articulate plainly in her agitation. "My little brother is the pet; and if any thing had happened to him, she would never, never have smiled again. Oh, I can not thank you enough!"

And she gave me the tribute of an eloquent glance instead, amidst a shower of big glistening tears, that rained down on the little face that she kept pressing close against her breast, as if fearful that some new danger might arise to snatch it away.

"You have nothing to thank me for," I said, as quietly as I could, hoping by measured accents to soothe her emotion a little; but I never felt less calm in all my life. Outwardly I stood still and impassive; inwardly my soul was trembling and shaking under the power of the first breath of passion that had come to stir it. "I am only too thankful I was by to help you. Let me carry him home," I suggested. I pitied the girl, who could barely support the feathery weight she held; but I knew my offer was not suggested by mere compassion for her physical weakness.

I felt a violent, uncontrollable desire to pursue the acquaintance Dame Fortune had thrown in my path, and nothing on earth could have induced me to give up the chance of looking again and again on the sweet face before me. Meanwhile Helen, whom I had rightly judged in my own mind to be of a sensible and practical turn, had quietly vanished from the scene of disaster on the recovery of the child, in order to accelerate the needful preparations for averting further mischief to him in his semi-drowned condition.

"Harry has a very great antipathy to strangers when he is in his senses—even to those who look kind and good," she added, apologetically; "but I think I may venture to give him in charge of you in his present state of unconsciousness."

And she bent anxiously over him for a moment; then she lifted up a very white face, and faltered out slowly, with big startled eyes looking wildly in my own,

"Surely he is not dead, after all, is he?"

I did not wonder in the least at her terrible surmise, for the little one's features were cold and set, as though Death had imprinted his seal upon them, and his fingers were tightly clinched and interlaced together; but I was skilled enough in medical art to know that such appearances might naturally arise from the violent fright his mind must have received when he found himself drifting helplessly, hopelessly away farther and farther from *terra firma*, cradled on the summit of the waves, that must have appeared mountains high to such a wee sprite as he was.

"It is only the effects of alarm that he is suffering from; he will be all right presently," I reassured her, in earnest tones; and she seemed to have faith in me at once, for the troubled look on her face changed into an expression of serenity, and, pressing one kiss on his cheek, she put him gently and confidingly into my arms.

Side by side, slowly and silently, we walked toward her home over the sandy shore; and as ever and anon the sea gave a low murmur behind us, I saw her wince and tremble at the recollection that that sullen roar might have been a requiem for the child she loved so well. I was not shy by nature nor unsociable in disposition, but now I could not for the life of me think of one appropriate sentence to break the silence. It seemed to me as though any commonplace remark would be an insult to her whom my soul had suddenly deified into an object of worship. Suddenly a pale apparition, with silvered hair and sable garments, caught the boy from me, and sitting down with him on the sands, sobbed great sobs that made my heart bleed and my eyes grow strangely dim.

"Mamma, mamma, please don't!" pleaded my companion; and down upon her knees fell the slight form, while two serious orbs gazed imploringly up into the mother's face.

I stood beside and looked on, feeling that henceforth the sight would never leave me—knowing that those tearful accents would one day breathe the fiat of my earthly destiny, that those blue eyes had already become the day-stars of my whole life.

"There is no cause for anxiety," I ventured to remark, after a little while, trusting to stem the torrent of grief that was adding to the impromptu bath the poor little child had already received. "Might I advise his being placed in a warm bed at once, as the quickest and surest mode of complete restoration?"

Mrs. Lindon visibly started at the sound of my voice, and stared up at me with a bewildered air. She had evidently never even noticed my proximity, in the midst of her alarm for the pet lamb of the flock.

"The gentleman who jumped into the water and saved Harry," murmured the kneeling figure in her ear.

A pair of hands, very attenuated, but white as snow, were extended at once to clasp mine in a strong grasp, and a pair of anxious, wistful eyes shone up full of earnest warmth and gratitude into my own.

"God forever bless you!" she said, in a faltering voice, and these few almost inaudible words comprised all the thanks she gave me; but somehow I felt, from the moment they were uttered, that, besides the blessing and the hand-clasp, she had given me a place in her heart.

There is no feeling that familiarizes people so quickly as genuine sorrow. Joy may be a more sociable sentiment, but it utterly lacks the openness and unreserve engendered by real grief of any kind. Moreover, there is an inward instinct in human nature that detects true sympathy at a glance. Hilarity and a smiling countenance are easily put on, but it is hard work even to the most hypocritical to force *bona fide* tears into the eye.

It was not very strange, then, that on the evening of the day that might have been marked down in black letters in the chronicles of the Lindons, as the date of a watery grave, that I found myself in a flower-decked drawing-room, a favored guest. The picture which that evening presented will never fade from the tablets of my memory. It lives there now in colors as fresh and as vivid as though I had looked upon it but yestere'en.

The big bay-window opening on to a broad expanse of rippling sea; the pleasant twilight gleam casting into deep shadow the dark-clad figure of my hostess as, seated within a far recess, she bent yearningly over the child she had nearly lost, with all the wonderful infinity of a mother's love depicted on her face.

Helen Carden, with a soul above romance, and affecting to disdain *in toto* all such puerilities as dashing waves and crimson-tinted skies, presided at the distant tea-board. And leaning anent the casement near, a maiden fair and sweet, with snowy flowing dress and a pure white rose in her bosom, toward whom my gaze wandered in spite of me, and, once reaching its goal, was loath, indeed, to quit again.

After a while, as the shades of evening fell lower over the earth, converse became fragmentary. It seemed easier to look than to speak. Tongue-tied, my eyes revealed my feelings well; for, through the deepening gloom, I could see a lovely flickering color tinge soft rounded cheeks, and a conscious but not unkindly light in tender azure eyes.

Later I knew that I had been no arrogant dreamer, puffed up by foolish pride, when I fancied, even on that first evening, that a little palm had trembled like a birdling within my fervent clasp, and that two red lips had slightly trembled when they said a low good-night.

Later I knew that Eve loved me at first sight as passionately and truly as I loved her, and that after our meeting there were no more quiet scenes for her in which she desired to be lifted out of earth.

Earth had become unutterably pleasant. A mortal's power had changed it into the sweet Elysium that her fancy had been wont to picture and to long for!

II.

Three weeks had glided swiftly by since the first glance that had sealed my life's destiny, since the first moment in which my darling had taken my heart from me by storm. And my sweet sovereign reigned autocratically over her dominion, for closer bondage but riveted more closely the rosy links of the chain in which her power and will had bound me.

Her blue eyes were my heaven—and such a heaven!—promising in their serene, clear depth peace and rest infinite to him who might bask in their holy light forever. It was quite enough of bliss to sit by her dear side day after day upon the lonely beach, with the glorious swelling billows murmuring a loud consent to our courting; to sit there with her hand fast locked in mine, her rosy lips shyly smiling now and then as our glances chanced to meet. Eve was truth and warmth, but she was reticent too—loath to show her feelings, as all maidens should be. Only sometimes nature would peep out beneath womanly reserve under the wondrous power of mutual love.

"Gerald!" In all my life I had never dreamed that such music was to be found upon earth, until my name, spoken by her mouth, came laden with irrepressible melody. Ay, and her lips lingered over it too, as though it was pleasant sounding to her ears as well.

If it had pleased her to say "Gerald" continuously, and nothing more, I could have listened unweariyingly and with eagerness to the one word, detecting fresh music in the repetition, and content with such delicious tautology.

"Gerald!" she said, lifting up a sparkling, impassioned look to my face, unveiling just for an instant the fervency of the soul within, "you are the guardian angel of us all! You dropped down from the skies just in time to save Harry from death and my mother from despair, and to give *me* life! For, Gerald, it *is* fresh life to be so very, very happy as I am now!"

And with this little outpouring of her heart, long shining tresses bestrewed my breast, and looking down, I saw only the tiny tip of a little pink ear as its owner's head nestled closely to me. My love! my queen! Even then, in those moments, she seemed too pure and sacred a thing for human passion. I never dared to press an ardent caress on her mouth. I only longed to kneel to her, to breathe my worship in language fit for the hearing of a saint. I never dreamed of letting my kisses fall but on fair, dainty hands. And in the bright dawn of love, amidst the glorious sunshine of my existence, I was subject to an undefinable dread. I would find myself almost unconsciously gathering Eve closer in my arms, nearer to my heart, with a strange, a horrible presentiment that I should not hold her there for long. O God! it was fearful to picture that bright child, full of health, rich in beauty, hand in hand with the awful image of Death; yet again and again the vision rose up before me when her eyes shone bluest and her laugh pealed merriest—in the zenith of her loveliness, amidst her gentle caresses, that one terrible fancy came to madden me. I trembled each hour lest my treasure should be wrested from me; that, before the flower of love should have fully bloomed, the blossom would be wrenched away from my grasp. I idolized her blindly and devotedly, and perhaps one reason for the unlimited adulation of my soul was that hitherto mine had been a lonely and a loveless life. My father and my mother died when I was a child, and even a recollection of their faces had faded from my mind. The old-fashioned miniature, which was an heir-loom, brought back no memories when I gazed upon it. I had no near of kin; and, above all, no woman's face had ever entered my heart. Fate had preserved my soul fresh and intact for the one being that I wanted for my wife. Eve stood in the light of every relative to me, and I felt for her the protecting attachment of a parent, the steadfast honest affection of a brother, the reverence of a devotee for his saint, the passionate love of a man to whom she was all in all upon earth!

She too had been fancy-free till we met. She told me that her heart and soul had never owned another master, and I believed her—believed her because I could have staked my life on her truth and on her unerring fidelity. It was I, and I alone, whose power had stirred the soul of my Undine into being; it was my presence that had changed the statue, beautiful but cold as marble, into a living, breathing, loving woman; and it was my magic touch that could call up both warmth and color.

Not marvelous, then, that like a second Pygmalion I adored the exquisite work of my own hands, that I trembled with impatience to have Eve for my very own.

I was but a miserable short-sighted mortal—or down on my knees, with ardent pleading on my lips, I should have prayed Heaven to stay the flight of time, to lengthen each winged moment into years.

III.

Life became too beautiful with Eve as my wife, and in the utter fullness of earthly bliss perhaps I forgot to supplicate Heaven for its continuance, or else I was not good enough to live with an angel by my side. Any way, in a little while after my marriage my angel's wings began to droop, and her sparkling brightness to fade. Though she was pure and holy, and much like her sister spirits above, yet her heart was in the keeping of a mortal, and an earthly love held her so desperately in its grasp, that even ruthless Death had compassion, and stayed his hand a while. Day by day she dimmed visibly, became paler and paler, the blue eyes growing holier, the form slighter. Yet she lingered beside me, and I hoped madly against hope. After a little while we took a tiny baby and laid it in her breast, and my pulse throbbed high as I noted the cheek of my little one's mother flush once more with its wonted bloom, and a bright light of yore flash from the erewhile languid eyes.

"*Our* child," she whispered, mildly, as she pressed it to her. "Oh, my God! let me live for it and for him—my Gerald, my husband!" And she turned all her glance of love upon my face, and strove to clasp my neck with her weak arms, but she gently fainted away instead.

My poor little wife—so good, so submissive—this was the first time her lips had breathed a reluctance to do *His* will; the first time she had showed an unwillingness to die!

I looked at her, lying there so white and so still, and, with the mist in my eyes, rebellion came into my heart. I dared to question the wisdom and justice that would snatch her away from me—she who thought no ill, who worked no woe, whose nature was perfect, and whose path was full of peace and happiness. Why, oh why, I asked, should she be taken, when the wretched, the outcast, the miscreant, to whom death is a boon, are left to linger on and on upon the face of this earth?

IV.

Urgent business called me away from home for a while; but though loath to quit the nest that held my darling bird, I felt happier and more hopeful than I had done for many a long day. Eve had regained both color and strength marvelously; and when I bent down for my parting look I marked, with a high-throbbing heart, the hues of health upon her cheek, and the renewed elasticity of the form I pressed so close within my arms. It was our first parting since we had knelt side by side before the altar; and a few natural tears stood in my wife's blue eyes, but she dashed them away with a pretty gesture, and held up two rosy lips with a smile upon them toward me; and those sweet lips had to cry "*Peccavi!*" full many a time ere they were released again.

Impatient to find myself again with Eve, I accomplished the work I had to do a day or so earlier than I anticipated, and I walked home unexpectedly. Creeping noiselessly up the stairs,